

NEW YORK Saturday Star Journal A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, } PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1873.

TERMS IN ADVANCE: One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, 5.00.
Two copies, one year, 5.00.

No. 149.



Stealthily increasing, the water crept in through the widening seams.

THE FALSE WIDOW; OR, FLORIEN REDESDALE'S FORTUNE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

Author of "Adria, the Adopted," "Strangely Wed," "Madame Durand's Proteges."

CHAPTER I.

THE DESERT ISLE.

MID-OCEAN.

A sky like a canopy of pearl, with the sun hung like a burning globe against it. The sea glassy calm, with one tiny object dotting the watery waste.

A boat lay motionless upon the quiet ocean's breast. A torn rag of a sail hung limp at the mast, but not a puff of air stirred its tattered folds. The intense heat had beaten down until the seams of the little craft gaped wide; it was rudderless, utterly at the mercy of wind or wave.

During this dead calm, the brine of the ocean stole in at the opened cracks, and only constant bailing kept the boat afloat. It held two occupants—a man and a woman. The man lay in the bottom of the boat, with sunken wild eyes glaring about him, vailed now and again by the heavy lids when he would drift away in unconsciousness; his lips were swollen, purple and cracked, and a mutter or a groan broke over them as the agony he was enduring forced an utterance. The woman had suffered less, but famine was stamped on her features and looked out of her hollow eyes. She was on her knees, monotonously dipping out the rising flood, casting a glance now and then at her companion in distress, or searching the horizon for a sail.

For fourteen days and nights only those few planks had intervened between them and eternity; for half that time they had been without food or water, except once when a dead fish floated to the surface near them. The woman had secured it and torn it ravenously with her strong, white teeth;

but the man turned away from the portion she offered him with a shudder of disgust, and without proffering it a second time, she finished the last morsel. Later, his appetite might have overcome his fastidiousness, but not another scrap of even such questionable fare came to their view.

Stealthily increasing, the water crept in through the widening seams. The woman saw it with fear and despair, but never paused in her task of bailing out the boat.

"It's no use struggling," she said harshly, throwing a burning look toward the man. "There's not a sail to be seen, and we'll not keep afloat till night."

He made no answer, but moved painfully, looking up at the pitiless sky.

"It's certain death to us both, I suppose," she continued in a reckless tone. "If either escape, though, it will be me. Give me the papers, Alec; they'll do no one any good at the bottom of the ocean."

He thrust his hand into his breast, and as if her words recalled a little of his strength, raised himself on one elbow, and glared a warning at her as she would have drawn nearer.

"Keep off!" he gasped, hoarsely. "As Heaven hears me I'll throw them into the sea first."

"They'll go there soon. It's no great matter, but I would regard your wishes if I got back, Alec. I've faced death since we started on this voyage, and I'd never risk the consequences now that I might have plotted for once."

Had he seen the cunning gleam in those downcast eyes, he would have been further assured of the insincerity of her words. It was replaced by the sullen dullness of despair

as her thoughts reverted to their situation. She flung down the vessel she had used for bailing, and let her hands drop.

"We may as well die first as last. It's only an hour or two more at best."

With a cry the man rose up, with outstretched, quivering arm.

"Look, Mirette, look! An island in the sky!"

They both saw it, a long, low line of land, seemingly set in that canopy of dazzling blue. Their eyes turned upon the surrounding waters in eager expectation, but not so much as a straw met their searching gaze.

"An illusion—but the illusions of this life are nearly past for me," said Mirette, bitterly.

The other sunk back weak and trembling, but with a ray of hope flickering in his breast.

"I've heard of such things before," he said, panting. "I can't give an explanation of the phenomenon, but that was a reflection of a real island we have just seen. Oh, if we could but reach it, if there was any breeze—"

As if invoked by his words, a breath of air ruffled the utter calm, and stirred the tattered sail. With hope renewed, the woman went to work again with feverish vigor clearing the fragile shell of the rising water.

Presently came another puff of air, and in half an hour a stiff breeze was blowing. Then a shadow rushed up as if from the very midst of the sea. It widened and darkened, the sky grew speedily overcast, the increasing stir of the waters broke them into waves, which ran momentarily higher. A sudden storm was racing into effect.

A short interval and then it broke upon them. The crazy boat rocked and dipped and seemed on the point of capsizing; it was driven before the wind, and beaten back by the waves. Mirette lowered the ragged sail, which, inefficient at the best, was an added danger now. The rain burst over them in a blinding sheet of a few minutes' duration, and then swept on eastward. The sea ran heavy and high; the boat plunged, creaking and straining, but breasted the waves still, though threatening destruction at any moment.

The man and woman had spread the sail with a depression in the center, and caught of the rain sufficient to relieve their insatiate thirst.

They had a life-preserver each, which they fastened upon their persons, and prepared for a final encounter with the waves when the worst should come. The little bark drifted on, holding together beyond the utmost limits of their expectations.

"Look!" cried Mirette, with sudden sharpness. "Land, it is land!"

A long, low, dark line lay before them, and the boat drifted toward it. Every energy was now devoted to keeping it afloat, and after what seemed an eternity, they were within plain sight of the shore.

The white-capped waves rolled high, but the absence of a continuous line left them nothing to apprehend from breakers. But now, with safety in sight, the boat almost

ceased to advance, and settled speedily, despite their utmost efforts.

There were oars, which Mirette had tied together, and she had wrenched loose a spar after the destruction of the boat became a certainty. They cast these into the sea, and following, clung to them in the last desperate struggle for life. The wind rising again, gave token that the storm was not over. But before the rain broke down again they both had been washed ashore.

Their refuge proved to be an island which was little more than a sandbank. It was covered with a growth of rank, reed-like grass, but there was no other vegetation, which they accepted as proof that the island was at times quite submerged. There was no water, but for the immediate time they were supplied from the discharge of the clouds. Clams were washed up along the shore, which Mirette secured, and fed on voraciously. Alec rallied for a few hours, then sunk into a profound sleep of utter exhaustion and awoke in a burning delirium. The packet of papers inclosed in a proof wrapping which he had guarded so faithfully were exposed now to the hand of the despoiler.

Mirette stole them from his bosom without one pang of conscience, and secured them upon her own person.

"He may die now if he likes," she whispered, fiercely. "The sooner the better, if any rescue is to reach here. I am almost tempted to consign him an offering to the spirits of the deep."

The whispered thought was only the weight of empty words, for the desolation of that barren shore would have proved intolerable but for the germ of life lingering in his unconscious form, still sufficient to impart a sense of companionship. She bestowed little care upon him, but kept watch of the horizon in hope of succor.

It came sooner than she had dared to hope. On the second day, a sail appearing like a tiny speck grew steadily more distinct as the vessel bore straight down upon the little island. She had no means of raising a signal to attract the attention of the crew, but, sighting land, a boat was sent ashore in the hope of obtaining water.

Mirette met them upon the beach. Alec lay far back amid the reeds, in a heavy apathetic sleep, from which she told herself he would never awake.

In answer to the inquiries of the sailors she satisfied them that there was no water upon the little island, and, when they went back to the ship, she accompanied them, with never a word of that other survivor of storm and wreck, whose presence on that sandy shore they did not suspect.

CHAPTER II.

FLORIEN.

MISS DEBORAH GRAY, stiff, tall and gaunt, as she always appeared, had never seemed stiffer, taller, more gaunt and forbidding than she did one bright Spring morning as she stood in the shadow just beyond the flood of sunshine which streamed in over the bare white kitchen floor.

It seemed a studied principle of Miss De-

borah never to receive any thing from the joyous brightness, which is like healthful elixir to more versatile natures, so she seemed always to be surrounded by an impalpable gray shadow, which detracted nothing from her sharp angles of form and feature, and lent no softening influence to her hard expression. She held an open letter in her hand. The visible lines in her forehead had deepened and closed in a corrugated knot of wrinkles, her thin lips were compressed, and her eyes of light gray grown colder—if that were possible—than their accustomed wont.

Her hand closed upon and crumpled the written sheet, which she thrust hastily behind her, as a young girl came, with a springy step, up the garden path, and flashed across the stream of yellow sunlight—herself an incarnation of a glorious brightness, which was all the more attractive because it was apparent as a promise quite as much as in reality. Just now there was an unusual flush on the round, sunbrowned cheeks, a sparkle of excitement glinting in her eyes, which were of the dark hazel which verges upon brown. She walked straight up to confront Miss Deborah with her bright young face mingling imperiousness with defiance, and her clear voice ringing with a sense of indignity put upon her.

"You needn't try to hide it from me, aunt Deborah," said she. "I know you have got a letter from abroad, though you are so anxious to hide the fact from me. You had another one a month ago, and never breathed of it. I want to know why you didn't deliver the message it contained?"

Deborah Gray stood stiff as a poker, still keeping the letter at her back, regarding the girl with a stern silence, which was meant to awe her into more submissive deportment. Whatever the customary effect of that unwavering gaze may have been, it failed signally in accomplishing its object now.

"You needn't try to stare me down, aunt Deb," said she, with scornful accent. "I'll not be put down, I tell you. I'll find out what's in the letter you hold there as sure as I'm here, and you'll deliver what messages have been addressed to me, or I'll let it be known about the breaches of faith you are guilty of. Shame on you, who profess to be a Christian. In my opinion you've been truly guilty of stealing as was little Jacky White, who was caught taking potatoes from our cellar last winter; you were severe enough on him, though it was proved actual hunger drove him to the deed. You have no such good excuse to account for your action."

"Florry! how dare you speak in that manner to me?" exclaimed Miss Gray. "Go to your room, and don't come down again until you are prepared to conduct yourself in a more exemplary manner."

"I will not go to my room, aunt Deb, and I will know the contents of that letter before I budge from this spot. Will you let me see it?"

Her tone was of command, not entreaty. Miss Gray looked grimly and sternly down

at the rebellious girl, who neither flinched nor abated zeal in her declared purpose.

"Will you let me see it?" she demanded again.

"Really, Florry—" began her aunt, unwilling to yield the point. But, with a cat-like spring, Florry darted past her and clutched at the letter, but Deborah was too quick for her, holding it up far out of her reach.

Florry's little foot came down upon the floor with a resounding stamp.

"Give it to me, I say!"

"Florry!" The single exclamation was a marvel of frigid severity as it dropped from Miss Deb's lips. Her skinny hand descended upon the shoulder of the excited little fury, whose eyes were flaming with the dry, red blaze of anger. Florry wrenched herself away, and sunk, sullenly, into one of the kitchen chairs. She would not continue a struggle where inequality existed to her own unconquerable disadvantage.

"You ungrateful child! Is this the return for all my care of you? It is well that I carry the conviction of duty faithfully performed in my bosom, and the peace which is the unfulfilling reward for it. Your wicked passion can harm no one but yourself. How can you reconcile such outrageous conduct with the precepts I have endeavored to instill into your mind. 'Better is he who ruleth his spirit—'"

"Aunt Deb, you shall not quote Scripture to me. I know I'm a great sinner—you've told me so often enough—and I don't know that I care to be any thing else. If you sermonize, I shall go straight out of this door, and not come back until I have seen Judge Lessingham, and discover if there is not some means to force a regard of my rights."

"If you move a step you shall never know from my lips," cried aunt Deb, angrily. "You don't deserve to be told any thing, and you should know I had good enough reason to spare you the knowledge of that other letter. I should have told you all about them both before this time but for your inexcusable behavior. Now, tell me, how do you know that any message was sent to you?"

Florry hung her head and her cheeks tingled; then her neck straightened proudly, and her gaze was unabashed and fearless as ever.

"Mr. Walter Lynne brought it from the office and left it in passing," said she. "The envelope was one of those transparent white kind, and some of the writing showed quite plainly through it. The foreign postmark attracted his eye, and without meaning it he read some fragmentary lines, but not enough to understand the import of a single sentence. One was 'Tell my little Florry'—another—'love my dear'—Oh! Aunt Deb, why have you never told me that papa remembers and loves me?"

The full lips grew tremulous, but the angry amazement depicted in her aunt's face kept Florry's resentful spirit still in the ascendant.

"Florry! have you been meeting that man?"

"Aunt Deborah, I have been meeting that man."

"After my warnings! after my commands! Oh, what a bitter, thankless task I undertook when I accepted you into my charge."

There was a malicious gleam in Florry's eyes, and without doubt at any other time she would have proved herself reticent and tantalizing, but now her object in view was too serious to be hazarded for a trifle.

"You didn't give me time to say that it was purely by accident," she resumed. "I have obeyed you on that point; I have done so on any other. You might know that or I would have understood your treachery before this time."

"I will not permit you to use such language in addressing me. You will be sorry for it and justify me when you come to know my motives. Here is the letter, you were demanding just now to see."

Florry reached for it eagerly—a thin, rustling sheet written in a sloping feminine hand. Her hand fell as she saw that, and that the paper was edged with black. The color went out of her expressive face, leaving it awed and still.

"Is papa dead?" she asked, in a subdued tone.

"Yes, he's dead"—in a voice which was hard and bitter.

Florry looked at her with tearless, reproachful eyes.

"Can't you forgive him now that he is dead?" she asked.

"How could I pray 'forgive us our trespasses' if I had not forgiven him? I forgive, but I never forget."

Self-deluding sophistry! Deborah Gray thought she meant just what she said, but she should have known that true forgiveness consists in forgetting the injury.

"Poor papa!" sighed the girl. "You never let me know much about him, aunt Deb, but I shall never forget how grand and noble he looked the few times I can remember seeing him. I never can believe that he was a deliberately wicked man."

Miss Gray's lips compressed.

"You'll be apt to think him a deliberately inconsiderate one, then." Though not often delicate spoken, she paused to cast about for a mild term which might not shock the orphan's heart at the moment when all her tenderest associations should throng to remembrance. That other letter was the announcement of his marriage with a French girl he ran across out there in Sydney. The message he sent you was just this—'Tell my little Florry that I hope she may sometime learn to love my dear wife in the place of the mother she never knew.' He spoke, but indefinitely, of coming home, and I thought there was no occasion for you to know yet. Think of a brazen, Frenchy thing, after my sister Winnifred!"

That last expression gave Florry an insight of the true impulse which had prompted her aunt to withhold the news. Her sister, Winnifred, had been her idol. The two had been alone in the world, and all in all to each other until Winnifred married against the elder sister's will. Hubert Redesdale had just graduated, was reckless and impulsive as the wildest college student, and Deborah Gray never paused to distinguish gradations between total moral depravity and youthful follies. The marriage did not prove a happy one. The couple were ill-assorted as a couple well could be, and one of the violent disagreements which came to be a part of their daily life ended in the young wife returning to her sister's home, which Redesdale made no effort to induce her to leave again. In reality he had been harshly judged. Winnifred was a selfish doll of a woman who had no sympathy in accordance with

him, and was always setting her narrow views against his opinions and wishes. She died of a pulmonary disease when Florry was in her babyhood, but her sister Deborah accused Hubert Redesdale of blighting her life and breaking her heart.

"That letter is from your father's new wife," continued Miss Gray, in her hard, dry voice. "She says they had made all their arrangements for a return to the States, but a week before the vessel was to sail he was taken with yellow fever and died in three days' time. She intended to come on all the same, so we may look for her now at any time. Read the letter and see what you think of the prospect."

Thus reminded, Florry perused the missive—formal and cleverly worded, but dictatorial in style, and where grief was expressed, diffuse to insincerity. One paragraph the girl lingered over.

"My husband left a considerable fortune which he accumulated during the dozen years he remained in Australia. The bulk of it was conveyed some time before our marriage to a responsible New York house, and his will, drawn up and witnessed here, was forwarded at the same time to the keeping of the head of the firm. It leaves that entire portion to his daughter Florry, but he made liberal provision for me from later accumulations."

The business-like details seemed out of place in this first announcement of her grief, written so soon after her bereavement. It went on to state that the girl should be sent to some suitable school, as the writer had been led to believe her education was not of a kind to suit the position she would hereafter occupy. Florry's wayward heart rebelled. What right had this stranger, a woman whom she had never seen, whom she felt intuitively she could neither love nor trust, to assert control over her?

"I'll not be disposed of in any such way," she declared, indignantly.

"She will be your personal guardian until you are of age," said Miss Deborah, grimly. "She can do as she likes with you."

"She shall let me alone to do as I like, or she'll find her guardianship any thing but a pleasant undertaking," declared Florry.

Miss Deborah opened her lips as if to utter a reproof, but closed them again without having spoken. For once Florry's waywardness received no check since it was directed against a cause which was a bitter cross to her spinster aunt.

The girl went slowly out of the wide kitchen, which was a model of clean neatness, and climbed the steps leading to her attic room. There were a couple of dormer windows set in the sloping roof; the room was wide and low, with a strip of bright rag-carpet covering the center of the floor. At the sides it was bare but adorned daintily with a bed, a chair, and a rickety washstand, a little round trunk, and a little round mirror hung upon the wall. A few dresses hung upon pegs in one corner, and there was a miscellaneous pile of pamphlets, books and papers, on a shelf.

Florry sat upon the worn little trunk, resting her chin upon her hand, thinking sadly of the father, evidences of whose love or care she had never experienced. There seemed a weight upon her heart, a vague, dull pain, unlike a grief brought forcibly home to her by the death of one she had known familiarly. A little moisture dimmed her eyes, but, unlike most girls, Florry was seldom moved to tears.

Her capacity for joy or suffering was great, but a deep emotion always left her subdued and silent.

Growing up as she had done beneath Miss Deborah's shadow, she had not failed to penetrate her bitter enmity toward Hubert Redesdale, though the spinster, always reticent, was unusually so upon this very subject. It may have been this very reticence which enlisted Florry in warm sympathy on her father's side; certainly it was through no clearer understanding of the truth than she gathered from studying the pretty simpering face which hung over the mantel in Miss Deborah's room. Florry never looked at the pictured face without being glad that she in no way resembled it.

While she was lost in deep reverie, Miss Deborah walked back and forth through the house below. She seated herself upon her sewing at last, but catching sight of the letter which careless Florry had flung upon the floor, she picked it up, and, standing irresolute for a moment, turned and went into her bedroom, which opened across a narrow hall. She paused before an old-fashioned chest of drawers and took from one of the compartments a square wooden box locking with a key that hung on a ribbon about her neck. She opened the box and placed the letter in it, but before her hand was withdrawn a loud tramping, crashing from the garden sent her hurrying in that direction.

"Florry! Florry! come quick!" That dreadful cry was breaking in again! She screamed. "Florry, I say!"

That last cry reached Florry's ears, and she came down slowly, pausing on the threshold of the now-vacant room.

Miss Deb was already out, brandishing a broomstick in the face of the intruding animal, and the open box she had left caught Florry's eye. It contained nothing but a package of letters, and the girl was near enough to read her own name on one of them. Scending across the little space, she seized the lot, and ran them rapidly over. Twelve letters, all bearing her address, lying with unbroken covers.

Florry sped out with them held close in her hands, scarlet flames leaping hotly into her cheeks.

"I'll never forgive you for that as long as I live," she cried, panting with passion, and without another word flew past the startled old maid and out at the little wicket gate into the lane.

"Florry, come back!" cried her aunt. But Florry, never heeding, perhaps not hearing, sped straight on until the flutter of her light garments was shut from sight by the trees which fringed the lane.

CHAPTER III
AT MIDNIGHT.

FLORRY neither paused nor swerved aside from a straight course until she rushed across the strip of low sandy beach on that Jersey shore, and, sure of foot, skimmed over the slippery rocks which the outgoing tide left bare, while the crevices between were channels that would not be drained for a half-hour yet.

By the rough, hilly course of the rocks she reached the bluff, a quarter of a mile away from the strip of even beach. She flung herself down in a cranny where an overhanging rock screened her from the

chance of observation from above, and let the missives she had clutched so tightly all the way shower down in an irregular heap at her side, while her grief and angered heart swelled in painful throbs which shook her frame like suppressed sobbing. She clenched her hands and set her teeth together until she had mastered the passion assailing her.

"Oh, papa! poor, poor papa!" she cried, letting her head drop into the support of her clasped hands; and, as though a little of her burden had escaped in that regretful cry, she composed herself to examine the letters, the first of which had lain in waiting for her for twelve long years.

Long, loving letters they were, which gave her an insight into the strong unrest, the unsatisfied craving, which had made her father a voluntary exile from his home and friends. He had never forgotten her, as stern aunt Deb had permitted her to think. Her eyes grew soft and humid with unshed tears of tenderness as she observed the date of each yearly letter, and knew they had been intended to reach her on her birthdays. Some of the later ones seemed to breathe a reproach that she never responded to his messages of affection, but the last one of all touched her as none of the others had done. A paragraph ran:

"And now, my daughter, I have found a sense of restful peace and a new interest in life which I never expected to hold. I have been a lonely man, trying to drown my discontent in constant employment, or when that failed, throwing myself heart and soul into some adventurous mission which can always be found in good cause in this wild Australia. In an expedition of this kind, a few months ago, we were attacked by bush-rangers, and only succeeded in beating them off after a tough struggle and the loss of half our number. I was taken up insensible and sorely wounded, with other slight and carried back to Sydney. One of the dead was a French gentleman named Draveau, with whom I had a standing acquaintance, and it was in endeavoring to rescue him I received my severest wound. At the hospital, of his sister, who learned the facts, I was conveyed directly to the residence he had occupied, and the grateful, noble woman nursed me back to strength and health against odds which seemed at first insurmountable. I can not hope to impress you, my daughter, with any clear understanding of the pure, strong soul I learned to lean upon during the hours of convalescence, which were never tedious, thanks to her ministrations. I found her a woman of earnest faithfulness and I will be a happier man than in all my life yet when she becomes my wife, as she has promised to do. Can I hope that my little girl will be glad for her father's sake, until I can bring my two loves together, as I hope to do some day? I have told Mirette of the daughter I have not seen for twelve long years, and she is prepared to receive you with open arms and heart."

There was much more in the same strain; and Florry, loving her father's memory, for these confidences he had so openly given her, felt herself growing bitterly indignant at the woman who had written that cold, calculating letter immediately after his death.

"He loved her so," she thought, "but before the grave closed over him she was counting the advantages her position as his widow would afford her. Oh, how vilely she must have deceived him! He thought her an angel, but I know she must be the antithesis of an angel, may become to have imposed upon him. Who knew but his death was mercifully sent to save him from the shock of knowing her in her true light?"

Hours passed while she sat there thinking mournfully of her father's fate, and realizing something of what she had lost through never knowing him. But Florry's nature was one of those strange compounds which will leap at once from one extreme of feeling to the very opposite, so now she flashed again with indignant anger as she gathered together her precious letters and read them securely with a scarlet ribbon which had been twined in her short, brown locks.

"How dare aunt Deb preach duty or gratitude to me?" she asked herself, passionately. "I'm sure I don't owe her much for her care of me, nor for her example of honesty, whatever her precepts may have been. She has always treated me as though I were a baby, with neither judgment nor common sense, but I'll not be led blindfold by her or any one hereafter. If that woman dares attempt to control me against my will, I'll find so many ways to torment her that she'll be glad to let me take my own course, if it does lead me down to destruction, as aunt Deb will be apt to declare."

So absorbed was she that she did not hear a step across the sands, which lay bare and dry now. A young man taking a short cut by way of the bluffs from the hotel, a mile up the shore, had espied her perched there in the cranny amid the cliffs. He took a nonchalant, leisurely survey of the little figure swayed by the force of her tempestuous feelings, and with a sweep of his eye assured himself that he had no cause to fear the intrusion of a third party. Then with a few swift strides he cleared the space between them, and she started up with a wavering of the color in the bright cheeks as she found him suddenly at her side.

What an infernal trick that Lucretia Borgia look! I surprised upon your face, he asked, flippantly. "One would think you meditated dire revenge upon your worst enemy."

"Not so bad as that, Mr. Lynne. I am only studying by what means I can circumvent my enemy."

Some shade differing from her usual frank outspokenness impressed him, and he asked with quick concern:

"What is the matter, Florry? Has any thing occurred to distress you?"

His tender tone penetrated to the girl's sore heart. The poor child had experienced little enough of delicate treatment since she could first remember, and beneath her impulsive waywardness she carried a high-strung, sensitive organization that found relief now in his sympathetic presence. He thought that he had never looked so pretty as at that moment, with the griefed shade clouding her face, her fresh lips apart and quivering, and her hazel eyes grown deep and dark with the softening force of her emotion. Walter Lynne was fastidious to the last degree on some points, and though neither a strong nor a pure-minded man, he had placed his standard of womanhood on a pedestal which he was not blind enough to believe that Florry had reached, but she had sufficient foresight to discern that she would attain it in the future, when the capricious waywardness of the girl should merge into the earnest experience of the woman.

Now she was little more than a willful child whose hoydenish proclivities shocked while they amused him. But her untram-

meled grace, and bright, youthful beauty, had a fascination for him which was lacking in the matured charms of more than one eligible belle who would have willingly bestowed her fair hand for the asking.

"Walter, oh, Walter! Papa is dead, poor papa! And see, all these letters, which seem now almost like revelations from him in heaven, are the proof that he was noble and brave and tender in his thoughts of me always. I would have been so proud and fond of him, and now he is gone without ever knowing how I could have loved him."

"Through no fault of yours, Florry, he held you aloof from him all your life."

"But he remembered me. He wrote to me every year, and aunt Deb kept back his letters. I'll never forgive her—I never shall; for if I had only known him as I do now, and let him tell how his daughter could have worshipped him, he might never have cared for any one else. But now his wife is to come here, and shows already that she means to rule me if she can."

"His wife?"

"He was married, and meant to come back here to make his home. Oh, I shall hate her, I know."

"I hope not—for your own sake," he replied, with a smile at her vehemence.

"But I shall. You may read papa's letters, Walter, and I will tell you what she wrote; and then see if you can make any thing of her but an artful, scheming woman."

"Not now; I have not time, but you can tell me, Florry."

Rapidly she sketched the details of all she had learned that day, unconsciously omitting at first the fact of the fortune her father had accumulated during the years of his absence. She scarcely thought of it along with the other matters which to her were so much more important.

"So you are to be sent away to school," said Walter, aloud. To himself he was thinking that, while the measure might be the polishing of a rough diamond, it was scarcely calculated to content her with the humble sphere she occupied. "Why, the new Mrs. Redesdale seems determined to make a fine lady of you!"

"I won't go," asserted Florry, defiantly; "I'll not be packed out of my way like a piece of troublesome furniture. That's all she wants, I know, to be rid of me."

"When you will stay as you are?" he questioned.

"With aunt Deb, after that?" she pointed to the letters. "No, indeed! Oh, Walter, what shall I do? If any one can find some way for me out of it all, you can."

Her pretty, appealing face and innocent trust of him were not without their effect upon her companion. Half in love with her as he had been for weeks past—he had made love to her in a negative way, which seemed very positive to her while it did not count against him—this moment he believed he could forget worldly caution and his own ambitious aims for the sake of molding her into the glorious creature she was destined to become. With this feeling strong upon him, he expressed himself unguardedly.

"I think I could, little darling." Then, in an attempt to laugh off the impression his tender tone conveyed—"What is it that true little heart of yours could beat out poor Florry, you should not be left to the mercy of another guardianship if you would accept mine."

Her startled eyes fixed full upon him, and her color coming and going in vivid waves, showed how far her intent had been from drawing out this half-confession. But she had such implicit faith in him that when he had spoken she accepted his meaning frankly, as she believed he intended it. The remembrance of her changed position, of the wealth which would be hers, was recalled by his words.

"What if it should be so, Walter? What if I really carry gold along with me?"

"Can you ask Florry? But then I wouldn't dare speak of the hope I have been looking forward to as a beacon-light. Oh, if I could in justice to us both, ask you to be my wife now! But my income is of the narrowest, and— isn't it a shame for a man of my age and opportunities to say—I believe I had no resource but actual labor, which I have knowledge to perform, I would starve. How can I ask you to share a fate like that?"

For once the man was sincere in all he said. He felt that she of all women was the one who could raise him from the mean intricacies of the life he now pursued. He had a piece of sterile property somewhere, so secured that he could not throw it out of his hands, which brought him an annual dole that was no more than a drop in the bucket of one of his necessities. It is doubtful if he himself knew how he kept up appearances. He dabbled a little in stocks when he could secure a surplus; he had a far-off relative who advanced him sparing sums occasionally, and on whose will he built up a mountain of bright expectation; he had hosts of friends from whom he never scrupled to receive pecuniary benefit; and behind these he had nothing more stable than "his luck" to depend upon, and that luck ran so well in his favor that he gambled and betted books were mostly accountable for the sums that went slipping through his fingers as though some modern Ceresus stood prepared to keep him upon his feet.

He was Florry's hero just now, and she made of him an idol without a flaw.

"But I am not poor, now, Walter," she broke out, eagerly. "I am to be an heiress. That is one reason why I am to be sent away to get vanished and veneered against my appearance when madame's term of mourning shall be over. Don't let me fall into her hands, will you?"

Standing there with his fair hair tossed back from his white brow, his features rather effeminate in their delicate outlines, his slightly receding chin dotted with the shadow of a dimple, he did not appear like a man in whom to repose a vital trust. When not too selfishly swayed by personal motives, he might be generous and chivalrous, but sacrificing, strong and reliant, never. He brightened perceptibly under Florry's declaration. If it had come from any one else, he might have paused to weigh probabilities and count the costs, for he was cold-blooded in his gratifications generally; but Florry, in her unsuspecting innocence, possessed for him the fascinations which could stir his deepest and purest passions. He put out his hand with an impulsive gesture, and looked straight forward into her honest eyes.

"Florry, it must seem almost wickedly selfish for me to say it now; but I have loved you such a long, long time, and you need me. Will you be my wife and risk all

future chances? Is it too much to ask of your generosity that you shall believe me anxious only for your happiness—our happiness, after that thoughtless speech of mine? I meant it though in one sense, I couldn't ask you to be mine to see you suffer, perhaps, but if you'll take me as I am I'll work for you eagerly and earnestly as if you were really penniless, as I believed you in all this time I loved you so."

A little smile, flushed and very eagerly expected, gave the handsome, effeminate face of the man before her.

Florry, open as the day with those she loved, unhesitatingly dropped her brown palms into his white ones, and answered with shy, sweet submission:

"If you wish it so, Walter."

Then suddenly a crimson tide dyed brow and cheek as she realized that her own appeal had invited this outburst. She drew back before she could divine her thought or the slight distrust which she did not admit was such even to herself.

"It would not be right for me to clog your future," she said, simply. "I forget for a moment what a grand work it is for a man to carve his way up as you have told me you intend to do. I have fought my own battles before now, and I can do it again."

Mentally he execrated the visionary schemes he had intrusted to her in their idle moments together—before, as he now discovered, the intimacy and issued her interdiction—but it only required a glance of reproach to melt her half-formed resolve.

"Florry, if you make me distrust you, I shall lose all faith in human truth. I want you to help me, darling. Your love is more precious to me than all the success I shall ever wring from the hands of a selfish and cruel world!"

That last sentence savored something of protestations behind the footlights of a second-class theater, but Florry was just romantic enough to accept it literally. She did not resist when he took her little brown fluttering hands prisoner again, and quieted them by the magnetism of his cool touch.

"Little siren," he said, laughingly, as the long, delicious moments dragged by with their burden of unalloyed sweets, "how you have betrayed me into un pardonable neglect, it's not too late yet. I am engaged particularly at the Lodge for this afternoon, and half of it has already passed."

"And oh! I won't let aunt Deb be at her blackest? I would tremble if I were not so near ready to defy her."

"To-night," said he, with a smile. "After to-night you need only tremble before me." "Ah, my lord and master to be, see that your bird is fairly caged before you threaten it," she answered, saucily.

"You will be ready, Florry—at midnight?"

Then, or when you will, Walter?"

He drew her to him with a sudden motion of his arm, and the burning fervor of his parting kiss was not at all simulated. It lingered like delicious odor on the girl's lips as she flew, rather than walked, back over the gleaming yellow sands.

Miss Deb was invisible, and Florry went straight to her room, glad that no harsh interruption was to break upon her happy dream. She heard her aunt's step presently passing in firm, long, masculine strides, back and forth across the bare floor of the kitchen below. Then a sizzling sound and a savory smell, and she knew that their early supper was being prepared, but she did not move until Deborah called from below:

"Florry, are you there? Come down."

Not a word was uttered between them during the meal. Florry, who had gone thenceless, found her appetite, despite her love-dream, and Miss Deb's silence was ominous of a coming break.

"Only let her hold in till to-morrow," thought Florry, as she went about her usual evening tasks. Then—

Then she would be safe out of reach of the storm—that was her conclusion of the thought.

Hours later she sat by her open window and strained her ears to catch the sounds which came up at irregular intervals from below. Out of the line of all precedent, Miss Deborah was still astir, and her bed-room candle glowed a yellow gleam out athwart the black shadows gathered in the little yard. The old-fashioned clock had given its warning, and was on the very point of striking twelve. Florry was in despair. She tied up to the landing for the twentieth time, only to see again the unbroken thread of light which glimmered out from the spinster's open door.

"Why can't she go to bed?" fumed Florry, silently. "If I needed a clinching argument to convince me of aunt Deb's fastidious malice, I saw it in this doubly provoking moment of sitting and never passing her door unseen, and Walter is waiting now, I know. He is sure to betray himself like any other blundering man, the darling."

And while she fretted the clock struck, and a soft, almost inaudible whistle sounded from without. She started up.

"I must get down—he'll be taking the light for a signal next. There's only one way for it now, I suppose."

She caught up a little bundle she had prepared, and stole noiselessly into an adjoining room, where a window opened on the roof of the back-kitchen porch. She crept through, and groping her way carefully to the edge, peered over into the thick darkness.

"Walter!" she whispered.

No answer. Again louder—"Walter!"

The cracking of a twig under a cautious step, and he advanced from the protection of the garden foliage.

"Florry, are you there?"

"Hush! I'm coming down, Walter. Here, take this. Now I will swing myself down until I can reach your hand and then spring to that bed of thick turf. Aunt Deb is awake and up, and she'll be out upon us if she hears a sound."

Hurriedly whispering her explanation, Florry swung herself silently over the edge of the roof. There was a strong lattice-work at the sides of the porch, which afforded a footing as secure and quite as easy as the rope ladder brought into requisition by romantics on such occasions.

For, reader, dear, this was an elopement, planned between these two.

While Florry clung yet in mid-air, and Walter remained in expectant waiting below, the kitchen door was flung wide and Miss Deb stood framed within it.

Looming up grim and tall, with her flaming candle outstretched until it illuminated the whole area of the little yard, her astonished, angry glance took in the meaning of the scene.

(To be continued.)

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.
NEW YORK, JANUARY 18, 1878.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers:
One copy, four months \$1.00
One copy, one year 3.00
Two copies, one year 5.00
In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any issue number.
Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay American postage.
All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to:
BRADLEY AND ADAMS, Publishers,
36 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

AT LAST!

ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB;
OR,
The Vigilantes of California,
THE GREAT SEQUEL TO OVERLAND KIT,
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of the "Wolf Demon," etc.,
we have the pleasure to announce, is now in the hands of the artist for illustration. Mr. Aiken's many admirers, we are sure, will be happy to hear this good news.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—It is provoking to see our matter widely copied by the press and the common civility of credit denied to us, but it is worse when not only is credit denied but the very author's name is omitted—gains absolutely being taken to strike out the authorship! This is not only robbery but a mean robbery at that. An editor who not only defrauds the paper of its credit but also deliberately suppresses the author's name, is equally a trade nuisance and a rogue. Many of Joe Jot's unique contributions come back to us with not the slightest indication of their parentage. If we could only discover who first drops the author's name we would prosecute the offender, as he deserves. Every line in our paper being copyrighted, we shall permit no abuse of the privilege which we extend to other papers to copy from our columns. Where proper credit is given we cheerfully consent to the reproduction of our short stories, essays, poems and humorous matter, but peremptorily forbid such reprinting where the credit is suppressed.

A correspondent likes the SATURDAY JOURNAL because it always gives to the American author a "fair show," and he adds: "Most of our magazines and many of our weekly papers prefer either to copy English stories without pay, or to pay, in a few instances, four or five times the amount, for mere advance sheets, more than they would think of paying for the best original romance by a home author," and he declares that it is a "well-known fact that American authors are disappearing." All this is only too true. So long as there is no international copyright to protect both the author and publisher in his rights and property, there will be no encouragement to authorship, as a profession, in this country. To popular weekly papers alone can our authors look for any thing like encouragement and proper compensation. And yet, it is a habit of certain newspaper hacks to sneer at these popular papers! Truly there is no accounting for some men's ideas. Any one of our three or four leading popular weeklies, we confidently assert, pay American authors more money, in one year, than all our monthly magazines combined pay in five years.

—Some author has beautifully said: "Pleasant dreams are pretty pebbles in the brook of sleep; and the dim reminiscences we have of them are the ripples made on the surface of consciousness." The mind filled with sweet content is sure to have pleasant dreams. It is the uneasy soul that dreams of "goblins damned." Some live out lives that seem like dreams. Whittier's life has been one of such. Though unmarried, and always an invalid, yet his tender, loving nature makes his paths paths of peace, and when he dies it will be to lie down in a long, sweet dream. Oh, if men and women were only all as pure and true to the right, what a dream of bliss would this life be!

—The mistakes of printers, proof-readers and reporters sometimes produce strange results. It is related that Disraeli, in closing a powerful address in support of a Parliamentary measure, once said: "We have burned our boats, we have destroyed our bridges, and do not intend to recross the river!" Imagine the horror of the distinguished Prime Minister when he discovered that a reporter had made him say: "We have burned our boats and destroyed our bridges, and can not recross the river." After this, why need a correspondent, H. L. T., complain because a certain proof-reader made the word need to read mud? She said some men have need to be known, etc., and the printer said, "Some men have mud to be known." The fault doubtless was in her MS. Moral: Be sure to write plainly.

—Bill Arp, a "genius" of the Artemus Ward School, starts a paper, and thus saithes:
"Gentle reader, dost thou love slander and scandal, and dials and snake-bites, and such like? Dost thou sometimes glory in human misery? If yes, we will feed you on some sweet morsels. Art thou sick, or deceased, or hiphotten, or belovved, or colicky? Look over our patent medicines, and pay your money and take your choice. We intend to cater and cater for the public. The public is a menagerie, and the different beasts must be fed on different food."

This seems humorous, but we fear it is a fact that many papers, nowadays, seriously adopt the idea that the public is a menagerie. Only on this supposition can we account for a great deal that is beastly in American Journalism. A great many of our dailies so "cater and cater for the public" that they are Bill Arp's ideal. They are not the safest reading a man can introduce into his house for the Young Folks to peruse and talk over. That there is a morbid desire among certain minds for the feast of scandal and criminal revelations every editor well knows; but, only the most pressing necessity of "giving the news" can excuse the use of matter essentially vitiating. If the dailies were the only reading that families had, what a miserable thing it would be! The Weekly paper, proceeding upon the idea

that the public is neither a menagerie nor a set of ghouls, but, on the contrary, that the majority of readers are both intelligent and circumspect, caters to society and homes and individuals to edify, amuse and comfort; and hence to the Weekly must the public look for its relief from the influence of the mere newspaper.

A Submerged Continent.—In two previous articles we have referred to various evidences of a race, coexistent with the Mammoth, who made this continent an abiding place, and, after a long career of evident prosperity, passed utterly away. The query arises—who were they?

A favorite theory, long urged, is that the lost tribes of Israel must have come hither; and certain archeologists find in the ruins of Central America, "confirmation strong" of their Egyptian origin. But, these same wise men are quite nonplussed over the ancient Peruvian civilization, architecture and arts, which were so *ad sui generis* that the most eager friend of the Lost Tribes can not reconcile them with any thing so recent as the Pharaohan Egyptian civilization.

Latterly it has become a conceded proposition that the primitive or pristine race, whose traces exist in numerous places, were either an indigenous race, whose origin, like the origin of man, is lost in the ruins of a far antiquity, or else that the race came direct from Eastern Asia by a highway now wholly lost in the sea.

This latter idea seems the most acceptable, although we see no reason why the idea of a wholly indigenous people—with a progress developed into a purely local civilization—should not be acceptable. If the race came from the ancient center of Man's supposed origin, then there must be indubitable evidences of that common origin. This antiquarians think they find in words that are alike, in all languages—in common ideas of the Dely and future life—in a repetition of architectural forms etc.; but, so few and faint are these resemblances that the argument drawn from them is neither strong nor logical.

There is, however, a better argument in the legends of the lost continent which have come down to us from ancient times. Thus Plato sent down to posterity a tradition of his day that a great continent which occupied the place now covered by the Atlantic Ocean suddenly sunk down out of sight. He further says it was an island called Atlantis. On it were kingdoms and organized governments, wealth, arts and civilization, instantly lost to human sight.

It is now the opinion of the leading geologists—those most advanced in science—that the American continent appeared when the Atlantic waters rushed into the enormous cavity or depression on the earth's surface now filled by salt water. The Rocky Mountains were then the rough bottom of an ocean, which rose with marine plants, shells and other products of an aquatic origin, that are found abundantly strewn there, and, in fact, all over North and South America. Remnants of Atlantis, the submerged continent, are believed by some scientists to be recognized in the Adirondacks, the White Mountains of Maine, and a few other outcroppings belonging to the outer boundaries of that deluged and forever lost country. There is no knowing what astounding discoveries may yet be made in coming ages corroborative of Plato's narration.

But, there is even more probability that a direct connecting link between this continent and Eastern Asia existed, at no very remote age, just north of what is now the track of the steamers' usual route from San Francisco to Japan. We have not the slightest doubt that sea explorations already ordered by our Government, will find a table-land, or plateau, to exist, between latitude 45° north, whose nearness to the present water surface will prove that the lands of the Eastern and Western continents were once interlocked and continuous—divided only by a great river which brought down the waters from the north. Indeed, the chain of islands now stretching from Alaska to Siberia are the stepping-stones of this lost highway, by which the people of Eastern Asia can, even yet, come readily to this country.

A PLEA FOR THE WRONG DOER.

SAILING down a certain harbor on a lovely autumn afternoon, the party with whom I was traveling and myself were enjoying ourselves to our hearts' content. The conversation touched upon numerous topics, one of which was that no one did a good and kind action for the mere sake of doing it.

It was not long ere we had an answer in the affirmative, in the most practical way. We were passing one of the jails, and, working on the grounds, we saw a youth clad in the well-known prison-garb. As we drew near the place, I noticed a lad, one of the deck hands, wave his hat at the prisoner.

Now I was extremely anxious to know what that was all for, and the first chance I got I addressed the lad on the subject. I asked him if it was his brother that he waved his hat to. His answer was that he didn't know who it was, and that the real motive for doing as he did was just this:

"It will make the poor fellow think there is some one that cares for him, and if such a little act as that will make his heart happy, why shouldn't I do it?"

And that is exactly what I have asked myself a hundred times since. Why don't we strive to make the hearts of others happy and not miserable? Is it not far better to drop words of comfort into the cup of our friends, than to be continually embittering the draught? If a human being goes astray and is condemned to suffer imprisonment for it, is that any reason we should shut him out from our hearts entirely, as if he were all bad, and had not one redeeming quality left?

Many are now walking amongst us whom we no doubt take by the hand and make friends of, but are far more deserving of punishment than those who are confined within the walls of a jail. The only difference between them is just this: one got caught, and the other has escaped his just deserts.

But don't, my dear, good sister, drive out the poor prisoner from your thoughts entirely. Remember he was once as innocent and pure as you, and perhaps a prayer, a smile, a good word may serve to make his life less hard to bear.

Did you know we have the power of keeping these prisoners out of jail? We have. We can perform many a kindly deed that will so touch the hearts of those around us, that they will see virtue is better than vice, and goodness preferable to ill.

Would that woman be in jail for stealing

if others had been willing to provide her with the food and raiment which she had not? Her crime must lie at some one else's door than her own, and it is a shame to think that such can be the case.

It is a hard thing to obtain the release of a criminal, and if any act or work of ours can keep others from crime, we are criminally culpable to refrain from the duty.

Make hearts happy; lighten the loads of the overburdened; open the windows of your heart and let a bit of its sunshine into some poor fellow-being's existence. Win the evil doer back by kindness. Life was not given to you to make only yourselves happy, regardless of others; it was given to you to be useful, and to do unto others as you would have others do unto you.

What if you do gain nothing for it? Must every action be done for the reward it will bring?

Supposing you were tempted and fell, taken away from your friends and the bright, busy world—wouldn't you want some one to think of you enough to wave his hat as he passed by?

It is time we threw away our selfish habits and made the right use of the powers God has given us. Don't tread the wrong-doer under foot because he hasn't had as much courage to resist temptation as you; try to bring him to his feet again and make his heart happy, is the earnest, solemn prayer of

EVE LAWLESS.

THE NEED OF REFORM.

ONWARD the march of progress is tending, but there are some nooks in the very heart of civilized communities that have escaped the reform rush, and remain to the present enlightened day in ignorance of the brilliant advantages they fail to enjoy.

It's a deplorable state of affairs to contemplate, people at large are so wise in their generation they rather welcome these reminders of primitive ages without reflecting upon the sin of remissness of which they are guilty in permitting ignorance to go without the revolution of enlightenment. That old saw, "Where ignorance is bliss, it's accounting for any number of the *gambleries* committed in a slow, confused following of that same progressive march."

"What is to be will be," and some things, like Irishmen's shanties, are inevitable. Some people on this breezy, whirling, whirling world of ours are characterized by such slow, heavy stupidity that it is hard to tell where the animal nature ceases to exist and the finer elements struggle into feeble life. They are not to be blamed for it. I suppose they can't be brilliant and witty and refined at will any more than he can overcome the natural resistance to perpetual motion. That's no reason why they should live like savages, however.

Think of a community where the natives born and bred follow implicitly in the footsteps of their fathers, where people split the day in half with rigid impartiality, where they go to bed at dusk and snore through twelve hours of undisturbed somnolency, where they persist in eating three cooked meals per diem, winter and summer, working or idling, invariably preferring boiled pork and cabbage, baked pork and beans, or fried pork and potatoes, in endless rotation. Pork—bah! The mention of it calls up a nightmare specter since the day I chanced across such a primitive spot as I write of—the horrifying remembrance of a hairbreadth escape from the assault of a thin long snout, a curving, bristling back, a succession of terrifying, ominous noises, vicious, fiery eyes under flapping ears, and insult added to injury offered through the brute's antagonistic propensities by its owner's calm remark:

"Not afraid of our pet porker now, be you? Why, who now?" without ever mingling a grain of comfort or assurance with the contemptuous intonation.

Where's the folly of being wise applied to people like that, I ask?

Somebody with more leisure on his hands than ingenuity to usefully dispose of it has reckoned the difference gained by rising two hours earlier than the average time mornings, and tacked it in so many years to one's natural term, as though any one with ordinary capacity for enjoyment or *ennui* would accept an extension of time on such terms. Wedge in the two hours before the turning stroke of the night—don't cultivate the excessively disagreeable habit of keeping early hours, and the world at large might be benefited by the application of that mathematical demonstration.

"A little folly now and then is relished by the wisest men."

And a great deal of late hours and pleasant excitement—delightful social dissipation—are relished by the most men—and women. Nine o'clock breakfasts—ten and six o'clock dinners are not only *en regle* everywhere except in the depths of backwoods desolation, but decidedly more appetizing and more conducive to health than the jumble which includes a hearty supper shortly before retiring.

A CRYING EVIL.

"Nursing cats is all they do,
Poor old maids."

"Oh! how I should hate to have any one say that about me!"

That was the remark that I heard fervently uttered by a young Miss of twelve, a few days ago!

There are no longer any children. They are men and women, with weighty projects of matrimony engaging their attention, as soon as they are twelve or fourteen years of age. From the time they can understand, they are assiduously taught that marriage is the chief object in life, and that all other things are of minor importance. As soon as they are five or six years of age they are teased about the other sex; the words "sweetheart" and "lover" are drummed into their heads, to the exclusion of almost everything else; they are told what they must do when they go courting, or get married, and if any child is as much of a real child to think they never will get married, and venture to assert such a thing, they are met with a contemptuous "Poo! Of course you'll get married, the same as other people."

So, from boyhood to young man and womanhood, this idea is continually presented to them, and beaten by every conceivable method into their heads. But, that they need any education to fit them for marriage is scarcely hinted at. In fact, many people seem to think that it is no matter if any one is as ignorant as a Pease, they are perfectly well qualified to marry and rear children. And so, year after year, the children who ought to be playing with dolls and tops, are

rushing headlong into matrimony and peopling the world with beings cursed alike with ill-health and evil dispositions, from the ignorance of their parents.

I firmly believe that of the young people who every year marry, not one in five thousand have any just idea of the *responsibility* of parenthood. They receive the innocent souls entrusted to their care with hardly a thought of the future, and bestow upon them less care than a careful farmer would upon his stock. Care for them? Oh, yes, they feed and clothe them, doctor them when they are sick, and whip them when they are naughty—and if either duty is properly performed, it is more by chance than any thing else.

Then they are almost always poor. They don't think of the practical part of life in advance, and are surprised to find that, after a few weeks of matrimony, "love's young dream" comes down to cabbage and potatoes, and that their pockets are guiltless of filthy lucre wherewith to purchase them. But the fact is, *love* has very little to do with these youthful matches. The feeling that prompts them about as nearly resembles real love as a farthing rush-light does the sunshine.

There is something dreadfully "rotten in Denmark." Somebody is to blame for all this foolishness, the consequences of which are too far serious to make any thoughtful person feel like smiling. Worse than all the rest, the evil is yearly increasing, and it seems to me that it is quite time steps were taken toward a reform.

LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

Foolsap Papers.

My New Post-office.

At the earnest desire of the public I will open a new post-office on my own hook, perfectly independent of the Government, this coming week in this city. It will be carried on under the following rules:

Each person must have and pay for fourteen boxes, for he will stand fourteen chances of getting a letter when he only stands one chance if he had but one box.

If any one fails to get a letter he will have the privilege of growling at the post-master, who will in all cases give him the true reasons of the failure. People will be insured at least one letter a day in this office. All persons failing to receive their daily letter will be furnished one on application (as the P. M. will keep several alphabets on hand all the time) either from abroad out of somebody else's box, or from the P. M. himself—especially if it happen to be a good-looking young lady.

All love letters must be submitted to the perusal of the P. M.

Persons owning boxes in this office will be furnished with a season stamp to travel anywhere in the U. S. by mail.

No letters containing duns will be circulated through this office. (The P. M. himself will receive none on his own account, and he will allow none of his constituents to be imposed upon in that way.)

If people are not satisfied with the letters they receive they can return them to the P. M. and get them exchanged, for all letters are warranted to suit.

People are insured to receive a letter with a remittance of fifty dollars for fifty cents.

Letters containing proposals for marriage can be had on payment of one dollar.

Persons receiving too many letters at one time will be compelled to divide.

The fee on each letter is three cents. The letter must be of the right stamp or it won't go.

Two stamps for five cents, a liberal deduction by the dozen.

If the stamp is put on upside down it will be taken as an insult to the U. S. and an attempt to kill Washington with a rush of blood to the head.

Parties sticking stamps on letters must furnish their own spit.

Letters containing more than three sheets, two pillows and a feather-bed, will be charged double fare.

All overpaid letters will be sent to Dead-letter office.

Persons sending prescriptions for soup in letters must be particular about their superscriptions.

Letters from young ladies to gentlemen containing mits will not be permitted to be transmitted.

Lumber-yards passing through the mails subject to extra post-age; see rules of the Board.

Money orders will be furnished at this office: that is, the money will be taken by the P. M., who will forward an order on himself for the amount.

It is said that Benjamin Franklin invented the franking system, but this is to certify that Franklin has nothing whatever to do with this office.

Second-hand postage stamps will not entitle a letter to a free ride, unless they are well cleaned. Washington won't pass with black eyes; he must have his face washed and his hair combed and look genteel.

Letters of marque issued from this office, also letters of administration, letters patent and Belles Lettres.

All letters must have the directions on; get the doctor to write the directions for you.

Any clerk in this P. O. accepting bribes shall be arrested for mail-fraud in office.

Every thing going through this office will have to be stamped—even burglars who go through the office.

N. B. All kinds of stamping done with neatness and dispatch.

The highest price paid for old letters. Persons asking for letters must remember their own names.

Fifty men wanted to peddle letters on commission.

All business at this office will be conducted in a postmasterly manner.

For further particulars inquire within.

WASHINGTON WHITEHOORN,
Post Meridian.

THE great movements of Providence are not so much *reformatations as revolutions*—not a new vamping and repairing of old systems, but a breaking up of the old material and a re-creating of it. The hammer of Revolution—wars, pestilences and famines—are the terrific agencies by which the things that have waxed old and are ready to perish, are broken to pieces and cast into the great crucible of the Almighty hand and recast, as it shall better please the great Architect.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND ARTISTS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editors.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit, we prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving its title and page number.—A rejection by no means implies want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We have to say "unavailable" to the following contributions—those with stamps remitted being returned to writers, viz.: Daisy Dean's Diary; "Deceitful by Appearances"; "The Missing Bride"; "Then and Now"; "The Masked Madman"; "The Mountain Songster"; "Glenrivan"; "A Piece of Silk"; "My old Peat Hut"; "Horseback Courtship"; "The Old Lady of Teahunt"; "A Likely Story"; "What Came of a Coon-hunt"; "The Moorish Bride"; "Gentle Annie that grew a yard 'Tragedy"; "Mrs. Moses Isaacs"; "Bob White"; "Two to Five."

The following are placed on the accepted list, viz.: "Sometimes"; "Widow Row"; "Stratagem"; "Mary"; "A Good Thing"; "The Last Wish"; "Speed Makes Waste"; "Mrs. Brown's Party"; "Molly Brand's Choice."

C. C. S. We are never "in want" of any particular kind or kind of contributions, and you are glad to receive a real good thing. We, of course, necessarily reject three-fourths of the miscellaneous matter coming to us, simply because we can not use more than a small portion of that which is offered. Out of this mass of matter we try to select the best; and yet we know that we frequently reject, as "unavailable," contributions that are well worthy of place in our columns. A rejection, or return, therefore, by no means implies a want of merit in the composition, simply expresses an inability to render it available.

B. B. A "good set of furs" costs in proportion to the value of the fur skins—all the way from twenty to five hundred dollars.

J. R. A. We never return MSS. at our own expense.

The New Year's poem, "Then and Now," comes too late.

FRANK E. S.—Cyrille Dion. Five hundred and odd points.

MS. M. P. We find your MS. quite defective in correctness of composition. There is an art of composition which all who write for the press must learn as a prerequisite. No matter how good the conception of a story, or how original the essay, if precision and clearness of utterance are lacking and the proper punctuation is wanting, the contribution is a failure.

RYEN RANDAL. The papers containing "The Wolf Dehorn" are not all now in print, so great has been the demand for this story. In answer to the numerous inquiries regarding the same, we can only say we have the subject under consideration.

TEXAS JACK. If you have lost the pawn-ticket, no proof you can offer "Now" will make a difference. He makes much of his money by just such dodges. The only course to pursue, if he refuses to hand over, on good proof of property, is to bring a suit.

E. J. D. A history of the United States will cost—according to price! Bancroft's is \$2.50 per volume; Hilf's the same.—There is good hunting in Northern Michigan and Wisconsin. The Winchester Repeating Rifle is an admirable weapon.

DYSPEPTIC. There is no "cure" for dyspepsia. A thousand nostrums are advertised as cures, but they are mere palliatives. Simple diet, and exercise, as good palliatives as any offered. The cure is to undergo a course of dietary treatment and to be sure to take active bodily exercise promotive of physical vigor.

CONJUNCTION. Acrobats do not use oil on their joints. Suppleness comes from practice.

S. L. M. We do not believe in any watch so cheap as the run of the mill. The only watch that can be put in a case and sold for such a price.

HENRY F. We can not prescribe a course of reading for you. The number of books, on subjects of general interest, is simply enormous. The books called "The World before the Flood"; "The Ocean"; "The Human Race"; "The Insect World"; "Insect Architecture"; and "The World of the Future" are superb volumes, literally loaded with information and alive with interest. If you will buy and carefully read such works, you will, in a few years become not only a well-informed man but will be a far happier man than if you had wasted your time in reading nothing but novels or periodicals. A little learning is not a dangerous thing. It is far better than no learning.

AGNES HAINES. A useful and inexpensive birthday present for your sister would be a comb and brush box, made in the following manner: Take a long cigar-box, cover it inside and outside with blue or pink cambric, over which have a fall of white Swiss muslin; on the bottom have a cushion—the interior being for comb, brush, etc.—the outside a pin-cushion, and the whole a pretty article for the toilet-bureau.

M. Le CLARK. Knitted caps can be made of the ordinary stitch, and are very comfortable to wear in cold weather either for walking or driving.

JOSEPH H. Spirits of sea salts will remove your wrist without discoloring the skin, by applying once or twice a day for about two weeks.

YOUNG WIFE. There are several ways of making coffee. Some boil it; others use the "French" coffee-pot. If it is not good made as you speak of, it is because the water is not boiling when it is poured on the dry coffee. That is very necessary to extract the full strength. First, stir up the dry ground coffee with a little of the white of an egg, then pour on boiling water enough for the full quantity required; boil sharply ten minutes, then serve at once. Never fill up the pot after the coffee has boiled, as it destroys the flavor.

REASONER. The term monomaniac is applied to those cases of insanity where the person is fully capable of reasoning upon all subjects but that of his particular delusion.

F. L. C. Your iron pots when cracked are not useless, for you can make a paste of wood-shavings and water, which will stop up the cracks, and the following recipe will re-unite broken glassware so well, that the fracture will hardly be seen: Melt a little linseed oil in spirits of wine, adding one-fourth water and using gentle heat. When perfectly melted and mixed, it will form a glue ready for use.

ISYALD. If you are subject to severe colds, wear a double-banuel chest protector.

HENRIETTA PEARL. To clean the carved part of your white marble mantle, wet a sponge with pumice stone, gently rub on, wash off with pure water, drying with a towel.

SCOTCH JAMIE. Malachi Malagrowther was the nom de plume used by Sir Walter Scott as the signature of three letters written by him to the Edinburgh Weekly, in 1826, to resist the circulation of Scotland of bank notes less than five pounds value.

R. DERAILSONNET. "Varina" was the name given by Dean Swift to Miss Jane Waring, for whom, in early life, he had a great attachment. She was only one of the amorous prelate's several loves. His "Stella" was the most noted.

CAROLINE O'MARA. The commonly-called "White-birds" is a party-name applied to the poor classes of Catholics in Ireland who wear a white badge.

F. W. CARTER. The expression "A feather in his cap" originated in Hungary, where it was the ancient custom that none should wear a feather in his cap who had not slain a Turk. A person who had slain a number of Turks, was entitled to wear in his cap a corresponding number of feathers. Hence the saying, "A feather in his cap" became a synonym of honor.

EMIGRANT. To acquire a title to Government lands by means of a land-warrant, you must make application as in cash cases, accompanied by original, or properly assigned land-warrant. When the tract is \$2.50 per acre, \$1.25 per acre must be paid in addition to the warrant. At the time of "location" a fee of 50 cents for a forty-acre warrant, and a corresponding sum for larger ones, must be paid to the Register, and a like sum to the receiver.

ROBERT H. G. The measurement of cisterns is as follows: ten feet in diameter and nine feet deep, will hold one hundred and eighty-eight barrels of water; one five feet in diameter will hold five two-thirds barrels so each foot in depth; one six feet in diameter will hold six and three-fourths barrels per foot; one eight feet in diameter will hold twelve barrels, and so on.

SALLIE STEWART. To make "Peach Leather," stew your peaches as if for pies, taking out the stones and making into a pulp; put them on planked boards on a tin roof in the sun; in a few days they will be dry enough to peel off the boards. Then roll them and put them in glass jars, all being perfectly dry.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

THE WINTER ROSES.

BY HARRY J. HOLT.

The winter roses sweetly bloom
At the window in my room;
Filling all the heated air
With their fragrance soft and rare.
As the chilling snow comes down
On the housetop like a crown,
And the frost, the crystal rain
Borders every window pane,
I then seek my little room,
Where those fragrant roses bloom—
Where the golden sunshine plays
Through the short and wintry days.

Thus should ever blush and glow
Through the frost and through the snow,
Through the rime and mold of art,
The balmy roses of the heart.
The winter roses! Let them bloom,
Gentle maidens in your room;
Mother, Sister, Friend and Wife,
Let them bloom throughout your life.

A Strange Girl:
A NEW ENGLAND LOVE STORY.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND
KIP," "RED MEREPA," "ACE OF SPADES,"
"HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF
NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LYDIA'S SECRET.

In a little, low one-story cottage in the outskirts of Saco, on the Portland road, dwelt Dinah Salisbury; Aunt Dinah, as she was known far and wide.

Our readers will remember her as the colored woman with the "yaller" dog who rescued Lydia Grame from her snowy shroud in the streets of Boston, as related in our first chapter.

Aunt Dinah made a comfortable living as a washerwoman, and the careful housewives of the twin cities praised her skill highly.

The old woman, her daily toil done, had just sat down to enjoy a cup of tea, when the dog, who had been quietly reposing on the hearth in front of the stove, raised his head, looked toward the door, and by his actions indicated as plainly as by words, that some one was coming.

"Somebody comin' eh?" the old woman questioned, rising from her seat. The dog wagged his tail at the sound of his mistress' voice.

"It's somebody that the dog knows for sure, or he'd done bark long ago," the old woman said, reflectively.

Then there came a gentle tap at the door. The old aunt opened it and Lydia Grame entered.

"Bress de Lord!" the old woman cried, in delight; "why, chile, is dat you?"

And the dog rose from his place by the hearth and came up to Lydia, wagging his tail in token of amity.

The girl was dressed plainly; a dark waterproof cloak covered her form from head to foot, and she wore a light chip hat, sailor-fashion.

"I thought that I would come and see you, aunty," Lydia said, and there was a troubled expression upon her beautiful face as she spoke.

"Dat's right, chile; I see glad dat you hain't forgotten yer old aunty," the old woman said, reflectively.

"I have too few friends to forget any of them," the girl spoke sadly.

"Lor, honey, ye musn't speak dat way!" rejoined the old woman, caressingly. "You got more friends dan any oder gal dat works in de mill. Everybody likes you, chile. But, I speeks you's in trouble, honey; yer don't look well. Jis' sit down an' take a cup of tea, an' tell yer ole aunty w'at's de matter wid ye."

And the old woman, bustling about the room, placed a chair for the girl at the table. Lydia sat down, first removing her cloak and hat. It was plain from the expression upon the girl's features that she was much troubled.

"I've had supper, aunty," she said, as the old woman poured out a cup of tea for her.

"Nebber mind dat, chile; jis' you drink a cup of yer aunty's tea. Yer don't get such tea as dat everywhar, an' jes' try a bit of dat toast. See how glad dat fool dog is to see you! I nebber see'd any ting like dat afore." And the old woman laughed heartily as she beheld the dog frisking around the visitor, eager to receive a friendly word from her.

"Poor doggie," Lydia said, patting the dog's shaggy head with her soft, white hand. The dumb brute's joy at seeing her made the heart of the girl feel less wretched. The cold touch of the animal's nose, rubbing against her hand seemed full of sympathy.

"Now, honey, jes' you tole me w'at de matter is," the old negro persisted, sitting down to the table opposite to the girl.

"I hardly know how to tell you, aunty," she said, after a few moments of thought.

"Don't be skeered now, chile, for to tell yer old aunty all 'bout it. I've lived a heap of years longer in dis world dan you have, an' I phaps I kin help yer out."

"Aunty, I am very miserable!" Lydia exclaimed, impulsively.

"W'at's come to yer, chile?" asked the old woman, in astonishment.

"Aunty, I want you to advise me what to do. I can speak freely to you, for you are the only friend that I have in the world. But for you I should have died in the snow-bank where you found me in Boston. Perhaps it would have been better for me to die, instead of bringing me here," the girl said, impulsively, tears standing in the large dark eyes, and a look of misery plainly written on her features.

"Why, chile!" cried the old woman, in horror, "you musn't talk dat way; dat's wicked, dat is! A young gal like you to want to die! Lordy! dat's ag'in natur."

Now, honey, you musn't talk like dat ag'in."

"But, aunty, I am so miserable," the girl rejoined, sadly.

"W'at's de matter, chile? Has yer quarreled wid yer young man?" asked the old woman, shrewdly.

A little red spot came into Lydia's pale cheeks, and she let her gaze rest on the floor for a moment.

"Why don't you say, chile? You ain't afraid to trust yer old aunty, are yer?"

"No, no," Lydia replied, quickly; "but how did you know that any gentleman was paying attentions to me?"

"Lordy, chile, de folks round hyer will talk, ye know."

"And do they say that any gentleman is paying attentions to me?"

"Is specks they do; I heerd 'em."

"And who was the gentleman?"

"Dat Sinclair Paxton, honey, an' he ain't no poor white trash," the old woman said, emphatically.

For a few moments Lydia was silent; as she had suspected, Sinclair's attentions to her had been noticed, and already people had begun to couple their names together.

"And do they say that a rich man like Mr. Paxton thinks of marrying a poor girl like myself?" she asked.

"Yes, honey. Yer ain't had a quarrel wid him?"

"No, no, but it is to ask your advice in regard to Mr. Paxton that I came to see you to-night."

"Dat's right, honey; I'll do de best I kin for you," the old woman observed, encouragingly.

"Mr. Paxton has been very kind to me ever since I came to the mill; he is the treasurer there, you know?"

The old woman nodded.

"And he has told me that he loves me and that he wishes me to become his wife."

"Dat's w'at I'd like to see, honey!" the old woman exclaimed, exultantly. "Pore de Lord! I'd walk a hundred miles far to see dat!"

"But, aunty, suppose I can not be his wife?"

Dinah stared at her for a moment in astonishment.

"Why not, chile? dat's w'at I'd like to know?"

"He is a rich man while I am only a poor girl."

"Dat's nuffin'—dat don't count, nohow!"

"But, if there is another reason?" Lydia added, and then she hesitated as if undecided whether to go on or stop. Then with a sudden movement, she set her lips tight together for a moment and the look of hesitation vanished.

"Aunty, I must speak plainly with you, for you are the only one in this world to whom I can go for counsel. There is a reason why I should not marry Sinclair Paxton. There is a man living, who, if I married Mr. Paxton, would hold me absolutely in his power. I should be his slave, obliged to do his will, and if my husband by any chance should happen to discover my unhappy secret, he might drive me from him with curses—with loathing, and I should deserve to be so treated."

"Bress de Lord, chile!" exclaimed the old woman, in astonishment, "I don't understand dis yer."

"And I can not fully explain, except that there is a dark secret connected with my early life. It was that secret pressing on my brain and driving me almost to madness that made me seek death in the snow-bank from which you rescued me. Now, aunty, I'll tell you what I came to ask. This man who possesses such a terrible hold upon me, knows of Mr. Paxton's love for me. He has offered that if I will give him a certain sum of money he will go away, so that I can marry Mr. Paxton, and promised that I shall never see him again. Now, aunty, is it right for me to do this—to marry this gentleman, knowing as I do, that if this man does not keep his word and should return, I doom both my husband and myself to a lifetime of misery?"

"An' can't yer tell Mister Paxton all 'bout dis yer thing?" the old woman asked, thoughtfully.

"No, I can not tell him, for if he knew my secret, our marriage would be impossible," Lydia replied, slowly.

"Don't you have nuffin' to do wid him, then, honey; dat ain't right; dat ain't 'ordin' to de Good Book; don't you do it, chile!" the negro said, decidedly.

That is what my own heart has told me a hundred times, but I am so weak, so irresolute, and this man loves me so well. When I am with him I think that I could dare every thing—risk all for his sake!" Lydia said, hurriedly and in strange excitement.

"Don't you do it, honey! Act fa'r an' squar'; dat's de only way to git along in dis yer world."

"You are right! He must forget me and I must forget him, and may Heaven give us both strength to bear our cross. Well, I must say good-by, aunty," and Lydia rose and put on her things. "I must go, now. It is getting dark, and it is a long way home."

"Come again soon, honey."

"Yes, yes," and Lydia hurried away.

On her homeward walk she passed by the Paxton mansion. A single glance she gave at the house, almost hid by the gloom of the evening, and then hurried on again, her face as white and stony as the face of a marble statue.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DADDY EMBEDEN'S GHOST.

When the buggy, driven by Nathan, drew up in front of the Embeden mansion, the old man was so completely unnerved, that Nathan had to take him from the carriage as if he had been a child.

Delia had been on the look-out for her father's return, and when the buggy halted, she came out on the steps.

"Oh, father, you are sick!" she said.

"No, I ain't sick," he muttered slowly, as, with the aid of her arm, he tottered, with unsteady steps, into the house. Nathan followed close behind.

Delia led the old man into the sitting-room, placed him in an arm-chair, then in response to Nathan's beckoning hand, she came to the door which led into the hall where the hired man stood.

"What is the matter with father?" she asked, sorely troubled at the condition of the old man.

"Wal, Delie, it's hard to say," Nathan replied, slowly. "I drove up to the deacon's house, and got there jest about nine, jest as you tole me. And arter I got there, I thought I had better go into the house and let your father know that I was there. So I got out of the wagon, and I walked into the yard. I tumbled over somethin' all curled into a heap on the ground. I thought fust that it was some feller who had been drinking too much rum and had straggled into the deacon's yard to sleep it off. But when I come to examine, I found that it was your father. I got him into the buggy and he talked all the time as crazy as a bed-bug; I couldn't make head nor tail of it at fust, but arter we drove on a spell, I found out that he thought that he had seen a 'ghost.'"

"A ghost?" cried the girl in wonder.

"Sartin! a ghost wrapped up in a mill-tary cloak and wearing a straw hat."

"But did he see any thing?"

"Wal, now, fust off, I thought mebbe that he had seen somebody passing in the street, who looked like somebody that he

once knew, and who was dead. But arter we got over the bridge and was coming up the hill, he dropped down in a faint ag'in, and when I roused him out of it, he said that he had seen the ghost ag'in."

"But did you see any thing?"

"Not a thing; and when I found out what ailed him, I jumped right out of the buggy and went back, but I couldn't see any thing at all, except a couple of girls standing talking on a corner of the street."

"Then you think that father did not really see any thing, and that the ghost is only in his imagination?" the girl asked, thoughtfully.

"That's jest what I think. I don't believe in ghosts, anyway; I never seed but one, and that turned out to be dad's white cow."

"Oh, what shall I do with him?" cried the girl, wringing her hands in despair.

"Wal, if I was you, now, Delie," Nathan said, confidentially, "the fust thing I'd do would be to go and mix him up a stiff, hot rum punch. Your daddy's been a sailor, you know, and hot rum comes kinder natural to 'em. Then I'd get him off to bed."

"Yes, I will do so."

"I'll put the horse up, then I'll come in and talk to him; but I tell you he's as cranky as all git-out."

Then Nathan departed, while Delia returned to her father.

The old man was sitting in the easy-chair, with his head resting on the table, and hidden by his hands.

"Don't you feel well, father?" the girl asked, approaching and kneeling down by his chair.

With a nervous motion, Embeden raised his head and looked carefully around the room before he spoke.

"I'm sick at heart, Delie; that's where I'm sick," he said, slowly.

"Shan't I mix you some hot rum, father?"

"Yes, yes," he replied, quickly; "I want somethin' to steady my nerves; I'm only a wrack, now."

So Delia went and prepared the hot drink, which the old man sipped eagerly.

"That's what your mother used to fix up for me," he said, slowly and reflectively, while a tear stood in his eye. "Many's the squally night I've managed to run in after a hard northeast blow and found your mother sitting up and waiting for me. If she had only lived I never would have done it; but the devil fished for my soul; he baited his hook with a great lot of money, and he caught me, poor sinner that I am. The deacon says, too, that I'll roast in hell-fire. Oh Lord!" and the old man groaned aloud in misery.

The girl had listened in utter amazement to the strange words which had fallen from her father's lips.

"Why, father, how could the deacon say such a cruel thing as that of you?" she asked in wonder.

"He didn't know that it was me, Delie," the old man moaned. "The deacon has known me man and boy for forty year. He never knew me to wrong anybody out of a penny. The Biddford folks used to say, 'Skipper Embeden's a hard man at a bargain, but he's honest to a cent, and only wants w'at's coming to him. There wasn't a man, woman or child from Boston to the Kennebec that wouldn't trust the skipper of the Nancy Jane'; they wouldn't believe now that I was a thief, and a red-handed murderer."

"Oh, father!" cried the girl with tears in her eyes, "you mustn't say such dreadful things."

"But it's truth, gal. Oh, I'm a dreadful man!" and Embeden moaned in agony.

"Now, father, don't speak that way," Delia said, caressingly, "why, if any one should hear you speak like that they would surely think that you were crazy."

"Oh, if I could only think so!" the old man muttered. "If I could only make myself believe that I was crazy on that dreadful night. Oh, how it all comes back to me. I kin see it now, jist as plain as I did then. Arter he was dead, he followed me down the river, and as I looked over the stern, I seed him a-floating on his back, and a-staring up at me, as much as to say, 'I'll never leave you, and he never has, really, for I see him all the time, no matter where I am.'"

"Why don't you try and think of something else, father?" the girl said, coaxingly.

"Yes, I know," the old man said, shakily. "I know, but you think that I don't know what I'm talking about, but I do; I ain't crazy. The deacon knew that I wasn't crazy. He knelt down and prayed for me, poor sinner that I am. I felt better arter I heerd him pray. It kinder lifted my soul up. I kinder thought how my mother used to pray for me when I was running round, a barefooted boy. It's putty hard for a God-fearing man, who has lived an honest life for forty years, to turn all of a sudden into a pesky villain. The deacon says I must give it all up, and so I will, but, oh, Lord! I can't bring back the life that's gone. We can take it away, but we can't restore it."

"Now, father, try and don't talk this way," and the girl smoothed back the bristly hair of the old man caressingly.

"I know you think I'm wrong; Nathan thought that I was crazy to-night when I said that I saw it on the street."

"What father?"

"The ghost."

"But whose ghost?"

"Why, the man who floated down the Rappahannock."

All this was a mystery to the girl. One thing only was plain to her, and that was that her father was laboring under the pressure of a strong mental excitement.

"Was the man dead?"

"Yes, of course he was dead; he couldn't a-float if he hadn't been dead."

"And you saw him to-night?"

"Jest as plain as I see you, Delie," the old man said, solemnly. "I was coming out of the deacon's house, half-way 'cross the yard, mebbe, and I happened to raise my eyes and look out into the street over the gate, and there he stood, jist the other side of the gate. He was a-looking at me—right straight at me—and his face was jest as pale as death, and his eyes they looked like great balls of fire. He never moved a mite, only stood and looked at me."

"And you are sure, father, that it wasn't somebody passing by who happened to bear a resemblance to the person whom you think it was? It was dark, wasn't it, father?"

"Yes, a leetle dark."

"Well, in the dark you might have made a mistake."

"Yes, but I saw it again, Delie," he said, not at all convinced.

"When was that?"

"Arter we crossed the bridge, and was driving up the hill. I was a-looking 'round 'cos I thought that he would foller me, and jest as we were going up the hill, he came right out of a dark shadow, right side of the buggy, rose, you know, as ghosts do, right out of the air."

"But, what became of him?" the girl asked, unable to decide whether her father was laboring under a delusion or not.

"I don't know," the old man said, doubtfully; "I went down all in a heap at the bottom of the buggy."

"But Nathan said that he got out and then couldn't see any thing or anybody."

"Cos I'm the only one it appears to. Everybody can't see ghosts. It's only wretched sinners like I am," and the old man groaned in bitterness of spirit.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 140.)

OLD SOLITARY,
The Hermit Trapper:
OR,
THE DRAGON OF SILVER LAKE.

BY OLL COOMES.

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY,"
"IRONSIDES," "THE SCOUT," "DEATH-NOTCH,"
"THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BAND OF HORSEMEN.

OVER the great plain, and down toward the settlement of Mound Prairie, galloped a band of horsemen at a breakneck speed.

Their half-nude forms, their painted faces and plumed heads told that they were a band of savage warriors with mischief in their hearts, for their faces were streaked and ringed with war paint until they appeared like very demons of hideousness.

They bestrode strong-limbed mustang ponies, and were armed with rifle, tomahawk and scalping-knife.

They galloped furiously on until at length they gained the summit of a swell in the prairie, from whence Mound Prairie and the oak openings were just discernible away to the southward.

The Sioux chieftain drew rein, and his band, numbering a score and ten, followed his example.

"Look away yonder, my braves," he said, pointing toward the settlement, "you will see the wigwams of the pale-faces nestled in among the groves where the red-man used to take the deer."

"The scalp of a pale-face," replied a giant savage, "is worth more than the skin of a deer."

"Yes, yes, Great Wolf," replied the chief, "but we must not trouble the settlers here yet. We must have the scalp of the Hermit Trapper first, for he is a foe to be feared more than a score of the pale-face settlers. When we get his scalp, then will Waucosta lead his warriors upon Mound Prairie, for there dwells his heart in the breast of a pale-face lily, whose name is Mildred. And by her side grows a stately rose, whose name is Ethel, and who would make bright the lodge of Great Wolf. These flowers has Waucosta seen while lying concealed among the bushes in the Oak Openings."

"Waucosta is a great chief," returned the great savage giant; "it is because he has the heart of the red-man within the breast of a white man."

There was a momentary silence, during which time the savages feasted their eyes upon the distant settlement like birds of prey gathering strength and courage to swoop down upon the unsuspecting quarry.

At length Waucosta headed his animal northward, and said—in plain English—which told that he was a white man:

"Let us push on for the lake and the White Hermit's scalp."

The whole party turned and rode away in single file, in a slow, easy gallop.

They rode on in silence for several hours, and at last the timber bordering on the lake burst upon their view.

Never halting, they galloped on. They reached the timber. Here they slackened their pace, but continued on until they had reached a dark and densely-wooded valley, a mile or more north of the lake, where they came to a halt and dismounted.

Hitching their animals under a dense clump of trees, the warriors gathered in a group near by.

"We are now less than an hour's ride from the wigwam of the White Hermit," said Waucosta; "does Great Wolf still say he will bear the message of Black Buffalo to him?"

"Great Wolf is not a coward. He has promised the chief to bear his message to the Hermit Trapper, and he will do it."

Let Great Wolf be careful, for the Hermit is a powerful warrior," said Waucosta.

"And the strength of Great Wolf is like the panther's," said the self-conceited giant; "his equal does not walk these hunting-grounds."

"Then let Great Wolf be off for the Hermit Trapper's wigwam. Tell him that he must leave our hunting-grounds. If he refuses to go, bring his scalp, and then will Great Wolf have won the honors of a war-chief."

Great Wolf arose to go. He adjusted his weapons, some fresh scalps that dangled at his girdle, and drew his blanket close about his shoulders. All these preparations seemed to have been an excuse for delay. There was an air of hesitation about him, and his facial muscles moved and twitched as though he wanted to say something, yet was in doubt as to the manner in which it would be construed by his companions. At length, however, he said:

"There will be much plunder at the wigwam of the Hermit Trapper; had not a warrior better go with Great Wolf to help bring it away?"

"Yes, let Great Wolf pick his warrior," replied Waucosta, and the shadow of a smile hovered about his lips, for he saw that Great Wolf was afraid to go alone to the trapper's cabin.

The savage selected his companion—a small, wiry fellow, with eyes like daggers—and took his departure for the trapper's cabin.

While waiting his return, Waucosta and one of his warriors shouldered their rifles and moved away toward the lake in search of game for supper.

On reaching a point overlooking the water, they were not a little surprised to see a column of smoke drifting up from among the treetops on the eastern side of the lake. They knew that some one, either friend or foe, was encamped there. But, as an Indian never permits himself to linger in doubt, the two began a careful reconnaissance of the vicinity.

Keeping within the densest portion of the woods, Waucosta crept toward the camp-fire, guided in his course by the ascending smoke. He moved on and on, and at last came in sight of the camp. He was not a little surprised to see seven white men seated around the fire.

As he ran his eyes hastily from face to face, an involuntary cry suddenly burst from his lips when his gaze fell upon the features of Captain Roland Dishrover.

He apparently recognized the captain's face, and yet he scanned his form and features as if in doubt. But at length he seemed to have settled the matter of identity, and gave himself up to a moment's reflection, in which the evil workings of his mind were expressed by the nervous twitching of the facial muscles.

At length, as a grim smile that expressed some evil determination at heart, swept over his paint-bedaubed visage, he arose, and stealing his way back to where his companion was in waiting, proceeded with hasty footsteps to his camp in the valley.

His warriors saw at once, by the expression of his face, that his absence from camp had been attended with something of an unusual character; and in this they were not in fault, for, without questioning, Waucosta acquainted them with the discovery he had made of their close proximity to a party of hunters.

"When night comes and Great Wolf has returned, then will we go over to the lake and capture the pale-face hunters. But they must be taken alive. Let my braves all remember this."

A murmur of general satisfaction passed from lip to lip among the warriors, and their eyes glowed with a fierce joy in

Short wings put out from each side of the monster, and lent an additional terror to its dragon-like appearance. But these wings were used as propellers, as a fish uses its fins, and much on the same principle that an aquatic fowl uses its web-feet in swimming. When the wings had spent their force against the water, they would close, disappear under the surface of the water, and instantly appear forward, when they would again spread out, strike the water like oars, and again disappear under the surface and appear, like a sudden flash, forward for a new stroke.

It was a terrible creature, and as it shot forward toward the savages, its breast elevating the waves like a sharp prow of a boat, and the water fairly foaming in its wake, it was a sight well calculated to strike terror to the heart of the superstitious savage. Even the whites were held spell-bound with a species of wonder and horror, at sight of the wonderful monster, with its glowing eyes and yawning mouth.

Some of them clutched their rifles as if to shoot the dragon, while detective Dart, as if under the influence of some horrible fascination, glided to the water's very edge, and leaning forward, supported by a bush, gazed with starting eyeballs at the creature.

Waucosta, being a white man, and possessed of less superstition than his savage comrades, recovered in a moment his sudden terror, and raising his rifle, fired upon the advancing monster. But his aim was unsteady, or else the creature was invulnerable to bullets, for it still came on.

Possessed now with terror, the renegade chief seized the paddle and attempted to turn the canoe and seek safety in flight. But just as he had turned the craft in a course at right angles with that of the monster, the breast of the latter struck the side of the canoe. There was a crash, the side of the frail bark craft was stove in, and the next moment the savages were flooding in the water, while the monster, sinking downward almost from view, glided away and was soon lost from the sight of our friends in the darkness along the shore.

It required but a minute for the terrified savages to reach the shore and plunge into the dense shadow of the forest, and then our friends realized a feeling of relief—relief from the terrible silence that had been imposed upon them.

"Ay, friend Dart," said Captain Disbrow, "what do you think of that?"

"Quite a drama," quite a drama, Capt. Beak's any thing I ever saw; and deny my if it don't try one's nerves," replied the detective, betraying some excitement, which, however, seemed feigned. "That monster is a terrible thing—a creature unknown to zoologists of this age. Quite a wonder, quite a terror. Ha! ha! but didn't it make those savages get up and dust?"

"Yes; it seemed to have a withering effect on their nerves," replied young Harry Thomas.

"I presume," said Captain Disbrow, "they will not venture back in this neighborhood soon again; but by Jupiter! we came within an ace of getting our hair lifted by those skulking rascals. But, then, a miss is as good as a mile, so we may as well adjourn to our camp."

So saying, the party returned to the camp. The fire was replenished with fuel, and the little party again seated themselves within its cheerful glow. The monster of the Lake now furnished a theme for conversation. The detective expressed his opinion freely in regard to it, and argued with ability that it was a species of the monster, Saurodon, such as those whose remains are found by geological researchers in the Eocene Period, or Age of Reptiles.

And so the conversation ran on until the party were suddenly startled by the sound of footsteps and a strong, coarse voice.

"Tickle my ole scalp, if you ain't a like set of fars to have your scalps on, when the red hounds of Satan are swimmin' thick hereabouts."

"Old Solitary, as I live!" exclaimed Captain Disbrow, advancing with extended hand to meet the old trapper, "right glad am I to meet you—heavens, man! don't crush my hand in your iron fingers!"

"Wal, my boys," said the old trapper, dropping the butt of his rifle to the ground, and clasping his hands over the muzzle of the piece, which he leaned slightly forward upon, "what s'prises me is to see you squatin' here, in camp, with yer har' all on."

"I suppose our safety is owing to the monster of the Lake," said Harry Thomas.

"The monster! What have you seen that cratter to night?"

"Yes," replied Thomas, "less than an hour ago."

"The dickens, you say! That monster makes the ice rattle down a feller's back like a hammer!"

"I'm your man!" exclaimed Dart, springing to his feet, and taking up the rifle with which he had been provided at Mound Prairie; "lead the way, Mr. Solitary, and if I get lost just whistle!"

"Whistle?" reiterated the trapper. "Now, Pizen, if you don't want to lose your har', don't speak above a whisper after we are outen sight of that fire. Mind ye, we can't go callin' to one another like a couple of children huntin' posies in the woods of Ohio. No siree; you must step like a cat, fur we're a couple of hunters, goin' out arter scalps."

"Lead the way, Solitary, lead the way," returned Dart, impatiently.

The old trapper took the lead, closely followed by the light-footed detective, leaving the other six seated before the fire, their sides convulsed with suppressed laughter over the trapper's advice and the blunt remarks of the detective.

The two moved slowly until some distance from the camp, then they quickened their footsteps, and after journeying a couple of hundred yards, they pushed their way through a dense thicket and entered a little glade, where it was so light that the rays of the moon seemed to have concentrated there in a focus.

Walking to the center of this opening, Old Solitary stopped, and, turning about, dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground, and gazing down upon the detective—who seemed a pigmy by the side of him—said, in a slow, decided tone:

"And you are Jabez Dart, the detective, eh?"

The detective made no reply, more than to draw a slip of paper from an inner pocket and hand it to the trapper.

"Do you know that?" Dart asked.

The old woodman took the paper and gazed at the scrawling writing upon it, with that innocent, childlike ignorance of one who does not know one letter from another.

"Read it, Dart," he said, passing it back to the detective; "then I can tell more about it."

Dart took the paper and read as follows:

"Jabez Dart—Come at once, to Silver Lake, in the Territory of Iowa, and you will hear something in regard to the Har's Ford murder."

"Old Solitary, the Hermit Trapper," said Dart, "that's it."

"And now what do you know about the Har's Ford murder?" questioned Dart.

"Sh! silence!" to the shadows! "I hear footsteps!" demanded the trapper, and leading the way, they glided across the opening and into the deep shadows.

Here they listened. They heard the tread of a heavy foot.

"Is it a savage?" asked Dart, in a whisper.

"Not a bit of it, Pizen. An Angin walks like a cat, and wears moccasins, but that feller treads like a buck, and's got boots on."

"Verily!" returned Dart, in his careless manner.

"Yes, and tickle my scalp if I don't follow him, and see who it is, and what he's goin'." Stay right here, Pizen, till I return.

"So, so—all right."

And Jabez Dart was alone.

CHAPTER X.

AN ARROW IN CAMP.

"By Heavens! this beats me!" returned the captain.

"No doubt of it," replied the Indian, in a tone tinged with sarcasm, "no doubt of it. But time is precious, captain, and I want to have a talk with you about old times. You need not start, captain; no one will hear us."

"Say what you have to say, for I must return to camp," replied the captain, a little restless.

"Rest easy, captain; it's a long time till morning. I'm in a hurry, too, but it's no use to fret. But I suppose Ethel Leland is your wife, long ere this."

"No; she is single, and so am I."

"The Furies, you say! Honor, bright, now, captain?"

"Why? What is it to you whether I ever wed her or not?"

"Considerable. She has a sister, has she not?"

"How did you find it out?"

"I have been spying around Mound Prairie. I lay in the opening and saw Ethel and Millie sail by like birds of paradise, and says I to myself: 'Waucosta, with Captain Disbrow's help, Millie Payville shall be your wife.'"

"And suppose I refuse to give my help?" said the captain.

"Oh, but you will! I know you will, captain, after what I have done for you."

"I paid you well for it," returned Disbrow.

"You think so, captain, but if you don't know how I suffered that winter, five years ago, in crossing the prairies to the east of here, you'd see that I was poorly paid. I must have Millie—I will have her, and you, captain, shall do your duty."

There was a threat in Waucosta's words, the meaning of which, Disbrow did not comprehend, or else he dare not refuse it. There was an acquaintance existing between these two men that was evidently fraught with some secret, which Waucosta appeared to wield with no little power.

After a moment's silence and reflection, Captain Disbrow asked:

"What would you have me do, Waucosta?"

"Any thing, Disbrow, any thing, so I can get Millie Payville for a wife. When I think of how high I came perishing in that snow-storm five years ago, in crossing the prairie, I think I am entitled to a pretty little wife to make the remainder of my days happy and shining."

"I shall do nothing against your getting her if you can, Waucosta, nor will I do any thing to help you get her."

"En? that's your decision, is it?"

"Then, by ge-mently, you shan't enjoy the happiness of being Ethel's husband!"

"I have paid you for your silence once," replied Disbrow, "and there should be honor, even among rascals."

"Such as you and me, captain. Ha! ha! ha!" interrupted the renegade chief; "if you had never drifted into this country, captain, it's probable we'd never met again in this side of the brimstone pit; but as we have, I'd be a pretty fool to let such a chance for a wife, as Millie Payville is, go by, just because one rascal said he'd do a favor for another. Now don't you see my point, captain?"

The captain made no reply, but with the ferocity of a tiger he sprang at Waucosta and seized him by the throat.

"Curse you!" he hissed, "I will strangle the life out of your body."

Waucosta endeavored to defend himself, but he was no match for the enraged captain. In endeavoring to bear him to the earth, Disbrow pushed the chief across the opening into the brush. Here he tried to throw him again, but the light-footed chief managed to escape.

Slowly Disbrow pressed him through the undergrowth, until finally they stood upon the edge of the precipice, overlooking the lake. Here a desperate struggle ensued, but Disbrow proved the victor, by pushing Waucosta over the precipice into the lake.

He found the settlers all astir, and they were not a little surprised to see him there, his horse white with foam and panting with exhaustion.

"Why, captain, what is the matter?" asked Maurice Payville, whom he chanced to meet first.

"The Sioux are on the war-path, Maurice, and I have come to put you on your guard. I left the other boys at the lake, where the red demons are swarming thickly."

"Great God!" exclaimed Mr. Payville, "I hope we will not have to suffer the horrors of an Indian war!"

"The prospects are, alas! too favorable to believe otherwise, Mr. Payville, but let us be prepared to meet the foe when he comes."

"Yes, yes, captain; that is true. Get the men all together soon as possible, and issue your orders for the defense of the place. On your shoulders, captain, hangs the military part of the preparations."

With this assurance Disbrow went to work. A block-house, surrounded with palisades, which had been erected two years previous, was one of the strongest defensive features of the settlement, and this was put in readiness for immediate occupation, should the stern necessity of an attack require it.

The captain managed to keep himself busy all the time, though the responsibilities resting upon him did not require such active exertions. But then he had a motive in this. It was the hope of meeting Ethel Leland alone. He wished to have a talk with her, and in view of the threatening danger, urge her into an immediate marriage with him, so that she would be placed more directly under his protection.

It was near the middle of the afternoon of that same day that he saw Ethel issue from the door of a neighbor's cabin and move away toward her own home. As her course lay through a small grove, he bent his footsteps in a direction that would enable him to intercept her in the heart of the grove, where his path crossed hers at right angles.

As he neared the place of the anticipated meeting he was not a little startled by seeing Jabez Dart glide from a clump of bushes and confront Ethel. The maiden uttered a little cry at sight of him; but she soon calmed her emotions, and advancing, entered into a conversation with him.

Disbrow stopped short. He was astonished, surprised, for he supposed Dart was still at the lake. He was where he could see them, and yet not be seen himself, and from the quick gestures of Dart, and the emotions of Ethel, he knew their interview must be one of an extraordinary nature.

A secret resolve possessed the captain. An uneasy conscience made him suspect something—he knew not what, and crouching down, he crept softly to within earshot of Ethel and Dart, just in time to hear the latter say:

"Now, don't forget. Look in the crevice of the Hawthorne by the Crystal Spring about dark, and you will find a letter there, perhaps."

So saying, Dart moved away, and Ethel resumed her homeward course.

Disbrow's mind was so deeply involved in thought to follow either his betrothed or the detective. But their conduct seemed very strange, indeed. There was a bit of a mystery connected with it, and in his heart he resolved to know what secret the Hawthorne would have to reveal about dark.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 147.)

Iron and Gold:

THE NIGHT-HAWKS OF ST. LOUIS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "PLANNING TALLMAKER," "BLACK CROCK," "WOODWIND," "RENTLESS," "THE HUNGRY," "THE RED SCORPION," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BIG DAN AROUSED.

"Ha! there he goes! A bitter curse go with him! A scalding curse!"

The smile on the doctor's face was grim. Jiggers stared in amaze.

"My! What have you done?" stammered the latter.

"Sent him to the rats!" hissed Onnorran; and then he turned toward the trap, leaving Jiggers still gasping, staring, astonished.

"Alas!" he muttered, as he gazed down into the murky hole, and his eyes fairly danced behind the spectacles, "so you'll find out about your daughter, eh?—even if you have to choke me some! Pleasant, indeed—very pleasant. And you'll speak presently of the will you made, eh? Maybe so. You were rash, friend Mander. You should have known better. What?—I give up the prospect that has fed fat my old date for so long? Hardly! Tell you where Zella Mander is? Why should I? What a pity you were not killed, that day you rode the mettlesome steed whose sole ambition was to break the bones of every one who mounted him!—a great pity; for then I would have been saved this trouble."

"Hark!" He ceased suddenly, and listened in silence, for several seconds.

"I thought I heard a groan? No matter—it was fancy."

James Jiggers, impelled by curiosity, beyond the restraint of fear, had ventured in on tiptoe and he craned his neck to look down into the depths of darkness.

Onnorran eyed him fixedly.

"Snakes—lizards—bugs—worms—insects—ghosts—goblins—"

"O-h! Jiggers looked at him in a frightened way, and quickly drew back, as if he dreaded an apparition of all the horrible contents his employer was enumerating."

"Underneath us," exclaimed the doctor, "in a room, bricked up, separate from the rest of the house. It has no floor, and below it is a damp, grave-like cellar—a clear fall of thirty feet."

The ogle eyes twitched; the jaw fell lower.

"There's where I've sent him to," finished Onnorran.

"And can't he get out?" inquired Jiggers, scarce above a whisper.

"Not an outlet, save a long hole that leads to the Biddle street sewer—there's where the rats come from."

"My!"

"How would you like to be put down there?"

Jiggers stifled away, and his heart began to thump.

"James," a awfully seneschal, "I've got to go down."

"Eh? A good master doctor?" with a gasp and a whine.

"Yes. You know too much."

"Good master doctor, I know nothing at all."

"You do?" sharply.

"Yes—I do, I do! Oh, Lord! D-d-don't put me down there!"

"Will you swear never to tell what you know, or what you have seen?"

"I'll never tell, I vow!"

"Remember," taking a quick step forward, which so startled Jiggers, that he dropped to his knees, and clasped his hands; "if you even hint, I'll catch you, wherever you are."

"I know you will; I know you will, good mas—"

"I'll pursue you, on wings, through the air—or dive through the earth after you. I'll be sure to get hold of you; and if you breathe a word, I'll scrape your flesh from your bones, and boil your skeleton in a soup for the devil!"

"Oh, Lord! to a groan."

"Now, go back to your desk, and finish your work."

"I will—I will." He hastily scrambled to his feet, and wriggled over to his seat at the desk.

And while he scratched away on the paper, with a trembling hand, he was saying, within:

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Why did I ever fall into his clutches? He'll devour me some day—I know he will. I'll be killed, and nobody will ever know what became of me! Oh, my! Oh, my!"

Onnorran watched him for a few moments, then he turned again to the hole.

CHAPTER XIX.

ZELLA HAS A VISITOR.

"And if now the skies look black,
All the past behind my back,
Is a bright and blessed track,
Never mind!"

Be then tranquil as a dove:
Through these thunder-clouds above
Shines afar the heaven of love.
Never mind!"—TUPPER.

As Theophilus Ommorann hurried through a street not far from his own residence, his attention was attracted by a barouche that came swiftly along, with spirited horses chafing under a tight rein.

It was the one containing Hugh Winfield and Ildé Wyn.

We have seen that the Doctor was immediately struck with Ildé's resemblance to Zella Kearn, and also, that he discovered Zella, by an accidental glance up at the third-story windows of the house directly opposite.

While considering what she could be doing there, he almost involuntarily crossed over and pulled the door-bell.

"I wish to see Miss Kearn," he said, to the servant who appeared.

"Miss Kearn?" repeated the girl, inquiringly.

"The young lady who occupies a third-story front room."

"Oh, you mean the new boarder? Yes, sir. Walk in, please," and, ushering him into the parlor, she asked:

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Um! well—just tell her that Doctor Ommorann would like to see her."

While the servant started on her errand up-stairs, the physician stood in the center of the parlor, stroking his smooth chin, and gazing thoughtfully down at the carpet.

"New boarder, eh? I wonder what that means. Zella Kearn generally goes to her aunt's when she comes to town—now she don't, and she's a boarder. A boarder?"

repeating the word as if it meant more than he could understand. "Rather queer, this. Wonder if she's alone? If yes, then what's she doing at a strange house?—a boarder—um! a boarder, too!"

It did seem that Heaven was unkind, in sending Hugh Winfield to Zella's gaze, when the unhappy girl had striven so hard to forget him, and to smother the gnawings of her rejected love.

It had cost her every effort of will she was capable of, to do what she had done—say good-by to all the dear scenes about her home—dear in themselves, though they reminded her bitterly of him to whose heart she had turned in vain.

It was but a sort of apathy, this new life among strange surroundings, and amid surroundings that were drear.

The shapely head, drooping upon her arm, on the window sill, was trembling, as she sobbed; and she felt, in this fresh pain, as if existence was burdensome—as if she did not, and could never, care for anything.

She had a strong will; but there is no limit to the influences of an absorbing, passionate love—the most rigid hearts will melt, and resolutions of iron are overcome beneath its penetrating power.

All the determination to forget Hugh Winfield, which had been hers, now vanished, and left her with a bleeding heart, a weeping spirit—a being of veriest wretchedness, in atmospheres of woe.

"Oh, Hugh!—Hugh!" she moaned, "I thought you loved me! When you spoke, or in whatever you did, I thought—yes, I was sure I saw some sign of affection. You told me you did love me; but, is it true? Would you let me suffer in this way, if it was so?"

But she added, after a second, as if she would not blame him:

"You don't know, though you don't know, you'll never know, Hugh, what misery you have caused me—no—no—no!"

She raised her tearful eyes to look once again down the street.

But, the barouche was gone; only the busy, bustling throng met her straining gaze.

"I can not live long this way—oh! I can not! Why did I ever let myself love him? Yes—yes—I feel as if I could—die!"

The head would have bowed again, and a new gush of tears was dimming her vision, when there came a gentle tap at the door.

She started, and hurriedly dried her cheeks.

"Come," she said, after a moment, when the heaving bosom was forced to calmness, and her voice schooled to evenness.

"There's a gentleman in the parlor to see you, Miss," announced the girl, who entered.

"To see me?" in surprise; "who is it? What is his name?"

"He told me just to say, that Doctor Ommorann would like to see you."

"Doctor Ommorann?" repeated Zella, in growing astonishment; and she asked herself: "How did he find out I was here? What can he want?"

"Yes, Miss, that's the name. Will you come down?—or shall I—shall I tell him to come up here?"

Zella colored slightly. It certainly would not look proper to receive a visitor in her bedroom; yet she resolved to do this, as she did not wish to be seen by the boarders, several of whom were just then returning for dinner. Besides, the caller was a physician, and—

"I will receive him here," she replied, to the girl's question before she finished debating the point in her mind.

"Yes, Miss."

Doctor Ommorann was presently ushered in. He entered with a bow and a smile, rubbing his skinny hands together—a habit he had—and spoke in a pleasant tone.

"Miss Kearn—quite a surprise. How do you do, to-day? Hope I see you well. Ah, yes—quite a surprise, indeed. I didn't expect to find you in the city—as a boarder, too."

"Be seated, Doctor. Are you well?"

"Always well—always well, thank you, my dear."

At first sound of her voice he detected sadness in it. He saw that she was pale, uneasy of manner, much unlike herself.

"I do not think you are in good health, my dear," he said, solicitously, appropriating a chair, and watching her closely.

Zella would not meet his gaze.

"Yes, Doctor, I am feeling very badly. I can not deny it, but, not exactly sick. I—indeed, I scarcely know what is the matter with me."

"You are decidedly sick. Permit me." He slipped snailly from his chair, advanced, felt of her pulse, trying, while he held the white wrist, not to look grave.

"Um! Extraordinary nervousness. How long have you been in town?"

"Not long," answered Zella, after some hesitation.

"That's an evasion," thought Ommorann, watching her half-averted face. "Now what does she mean by that?" then aloud: "Yesterday?—day before?—to-day?"

"Yesterday," reluctantly.

"Um! Yes. Let me prescribe for you,

my dear. Have you anybody here that you can send to the nearest apothecary?"

"Oh, it's of no consequence, Doctor. I—'Tut! Tut! don't talk nonsense now. You are on the verge of hysterics, I see that plainly."

He stepped over to the bell-rope, despite her protestations; then, while he resumed his seat, and took out his diary to write, he inquired:

"Your father well?"

"Yes—I believe so."

He darted a momentary glance at her, over the spectacles, and commented, mentally:

"That's another evasion. What's the matter with her? She's solemn as a ghost, and she used to be frolicsome as a kitten."

But he was completely baffled.

"Something wrong—something wrong. I must sift this."

After one of the servants had been dispatched to the nearest drug-store, he set about trying to ascertain why she was there, exactly when she came, and what had caused the sudden change in her—transforming her from a merry, laughing girl, to a pale, saddened woman.

She evaded his questioning, with the readiness of female wit.

After doing his best, in vain, in a conversation of nearly two hours, he withdrew.

"Confound it!" he muttered, as he left the house, "I am no wiser for my labor. But I'll see her again, to-morrow. I am determined to know what this means. Something wrong—I'll wager on it. Ah! she's a fine girl—very fine. She must be my wife, too, shortly. Yes, friend Kearn—marry the first to him who tried to win the widow whose first love died!"

This little beauty must marry Theophilus Ommorann, or you'll never find out where your own child is—so help me cross-bones! Well, you young rascal!—stop your screaming!

Hear me?" the last to a ragged newsboy, with a dirty face, who came running and screaming loudly, flourishing the evening paper.

"Buy one, sir?—Full account of the strange death on the Bellefontaine Road."

"Death on the Bellefontaine, eh?" he stopped short, as he questioned, and looked sharply down at the urchin.

"Yes, sir. Big thing. Found dead; and full of blood. Heap of excitement, sir. Buy one?"

"Yes—I'll read it," and as he received and paid for the paper, he was mumbling: "Wonder what it is, now. Bellefontaine, eh? That's pretty close. It might be Kearn's."

He was about to fold the journal up, and ram it into his pocket, when he felt a sudden prompting to look at the item of importance.

It was on the first page, in display type, and he glanced carelessly at the account.

Immediately, however, he uttered a quick exclamation, his face assumed a rigid expression, and he half-crunched the paper in his grasp.

CHAPTER XX.

A TRIO OF SPIES.

"We meet again when years have flown,
When time has wrought a wondrous change,
But do not meet as if unknown
In scenes of silence, awe and strange."

—ALAN.

BIG DAN stood, for a moment, before the entrance to the hallway leading to Doctor Ommorann's office.

"When he passed in—not like one calling on a matter of business, but in a way that would have excited the suspicions of a looker-on."

Inside the door, he paused, and drew off his boots—then he listened.

"Something's wrong," he muttered. "I don't see why that old knave should come out first a-laughin', when Mander went on particular business, that'd be mighty apt to keep Doc Ommorann in the house. Let's see 'bout this 'ere."

He moved stealthily ahead.

As he advanced, he began to grin, and indulged in a scarce-audible chuckle; for he had practiced that thing before, in the hour of midnight, when plying his vocation—a burglar, as the reader may have surmised.

At the head of the stairs he paused a second time and listened.

On one side was the office door, with a card to that effect tacked thereon.

But he had not now any intention of entering there; for a sound had struck his hearing—a familiar sound—a low, weird song.

It came from the story above, and Dan was markedly attentive.

"I've heard that 'ere before," he exclaimed, half-aloud; and he became more and more interested while following the singer's voice, for it reminded him of something that was far in the scenes of the past.

The voice was Beula's. The blind Quadrant, in her prison apartment, was singing, as was her wont, and the air was working a singular effect on Cassar.

Presently he turned to the stairs and started upward.

Reaching the third story, he stole noiselessly forward—tip-toeing, halting, anon, and glancing around, to be sure that he was not discovered.

Then he came before the door of the room from whence issued the singing that had attracted him.

"I never heard but one person have that 'ere tune," he uttered, to himself, "an' it was long ago. Mighty strange."

His quick eye soon detected the slide in the panel, and he at once proceeded to open it.

Beula was engaged at knitting—her usual occupation.

Suddenly she started. The song hushed; she turned her sightless orbs in the direction of the door; for a short-breathed exclamation had reached her.

Dan was looking in through the small opening. He saw a woman whom he knew well, though many years had elapsed since he met her last, and then her eyes were bright and piercing.

"Beula!" fell from his thick lips, in astonishment.

"Who called me?" she demanded, leaning slightly forward, and intent to catch the next sound.

At first he seemed riveted, gazing steadfast in his surprise; then, after a hasty glance behind him, he spoke guardedly.

"Beula!"

"Who calls?" she repeated, while his voice seemed to have struck some eager chord within her.

"One 'at knows you well," answered the giant.

Her memory was keen. A peculiar expression settled in her withered features; she arose and groped her way toward him.

"I know that tongue! I know that tongue!" she croaked.

"You wasn't blind when you an' me was best together—who am I?"

"I know you! I know you!" She was by the slide, and reached one hand through to feel the face that was peering in.

"Who am I?"

"It's Dan Cassar," she said, quickly, and in a whisper. "Ho! how came you to be here?"

"Yes, it's Dan Cassar."

"I remember you, Dan—why shouldn't I? Oh! I remember you well."

"What're you doin' here?"

"Hush!" raising a warning finger, "don't talk loud—don't talk loud. You're come in good time, Dan Cassar! Who sent you? How did you find old Beula?"

"Just a kinder accident."

"Sh! listen! I am a prisoner."

"I'll jest tuncle you out, then," he interrupted. "If I hev to bust the door down—"

"Sh! no—no! I don't want to get out. See, Dan—I have no eyes now. I am a helpless old thing. My jailer takes good care of me—he! he! he! and he had best do so," the last with a meaning chuckle.

"I might as well die here as anywhere else. But, I am afraid to die! I don't want to die yet! Dan Cassar, I am glad you found me. I want to tell you something—something very precious to us."

"What're you a prisoner for?" he interrogated.

Her mouth twitched, and her fingers worked, as if some inward excitement was preying upon her.

"Ommorann, the Doctor, keeps me here."

"Sh! not so loud. I'll tell you—is there anybody near?"

"No."

"Come into the room, Dan Cassar. The key is in the lock outside. Come in—come in."

Dan turned the key, and stepped into the apartment.

He led him to one side, where they could not be seen, in case some one should come to the slide in the panel, and motioned him to sit down.

The giant was filled with a sort of awe in her presence. He watched her, as she went across the room to draw up another chair—and he almost imagined he could see the well-remembered eyes as they had been wont to sparkle, when he met her, so many years before.

Beula was about to reveal something. He waited in silence.

James Jiggers, under the influence of the contents of his pocket-flask, was rocking unsteadily at his desk.

The pen had dropped from his hand, his head had sunk forward on his breast, and he finally settled down to a slumber of partial intoxication.

But, despite the extreme care which Cassar exercised in ascending the second flight of stairs, a creaking sound fell on the half-insensible hearing of the sleeper.

Under the circumstances, when his nerves were so touchy, and his senses unsettled by the recent occurrence in which he figured—the effect was to rouse Jiggers with a start, and, blinking and ogling, he glanced toward the door of the adjoining room.

Presently, however, the creaking noise was repeated, and his head turned, like a ball on a pivot, toward the door leading to the entry.

"Somebody out there—(hic) there," he hiccupped. "Who?—tain't Doctor, for—(hic)—he k—knows I haven't been asleep long. There it is again."

Whoever it was, he comprehended that they were moving with stealth; more, he knew that the party was proceeding upward, for he was aware of the creaking tendency of the second flight of stairs; and, finally, impelled by his incurable curiosity, he got up and went to the door, which he opened with care.

Looking out through a narrow crack, he was lost in astonishment, at beholding a man of enormous build, carrying his boots in his hand, and going upward with catlike tread.

His body stooped, his mouth gaped, his ogle eyes stared.

When Dan Cassar disappeared around the landing, Jiggers issued forth, and followed after, with the silence of a moving specter. The effect of the liquor left him entirely.

And when Beula drew the giant across to the front of the room, to speak with him, Jiggers was already at the slide, alive to catch every word that might pass.

There was another party, also, to the scene.

At the front of the hall was a long window overlooking the street. Heavy curtains draped before the panes, and behind the curtains was the mulatto girl—Ommorann's housekeeper—who had seen Cassar go into Beula's room, and who now watched the eavesdropping James Jiggers.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 143.)

Mohenesto:

Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY.

(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

XXI.—Aztec Valley of the Rio Gila.—A Castilian Family.—Checkmate.—Spanish Courtship.—An Aristocratic Fandango.—Meeting an Old Friend.—The Spanish Waltz.—An Introduction and a Warning.—An Awakening Fit.—A Woman won't, she won't.—A Shot from the Enemy.

AFTER leaving the Rio Colorado, we shaped our course to the south, down into the Aztec valley of the Rio Gila river.

Late one day we came to the hacienda of an old Spaniard, who readily gave us permission to remain over night. The hacienda was situated about five miles to the north of the Pueblo de Prieto, in one of the richest portions of that magnificent valley.

The owner, Don Gonzalo, was, I think, the finest-formed man I ever saw. Though nearly sixty years of age, his form was still unaltered; his hair long, black and glossy, with that peculiar tint of blue so common in Spain, showed not one thread of gray, and his piercing black eyes were as brilliant as ever they were. His family consisted of two children, a son and daughter.

Don Nuno, the son, was the perfect image of his father, or as his father must have been at his age. As for the senorita, she was the embodiment of all that is lovely in womanhood. Neither too tall nor too short, there was a refinement in the regular features, there was a noble intellect in the

broad forehead, there was a world of passion in the deep black eyes, and an iron will in the firm-set though finely-chiseled lips. Underlying all these feminine attributes was a kind heart, as was manifested by the tenderness with which she treated those about her, and a grace and loveliness befitting a queen.

This fair Castilian, beautiful as she was, was but the type of the pure Spanish race, but the peculiar circumstances attending our first acquaintance were calculated to leave a lasting impression upon my mind, and so they did.

We saw our horses provided for, and entering the hacienda, were soon at home with the family. About his place were, at least, seventy-five peons—half-breeds of the Spanish-Mexican race—(those mongrel beings who have no pedigree, no nation, and no God from whom I learned that we had at last found a character we were seeking—a wealthy native. In conversation the don informed me that he was then working a silver mine near the hacienda, and that he had recently struck a new lode, which gave promise of being a very rich one. Nearly every mile of the country from here to the city of Mexico has pits and sink-holes in the earth, where once were the shafts to mines, worked hundreds of years ago, by the conquering race.

My companions found enjoyment in a game of monte with the don and his son, while I was in a fair way of forgetting myself in a game of chess with the fair senorita.

I may mention, en passant, that the don had lost his wife at the birth of the daughter, eighteen years before, and had never married again. The fair Violette and myself occupied the further end of the room by an open window, through which the fragrance of an orange grove was wafted; and, busy with our game of chess, we gave no heed to the passing hours until reminded by the don that it was growing late.

But a game of chess may be a long or short one, according to the inclination of the players, and the rest of the party retired, leaving the senorita and myself to finish the game, which, truth to tell, she never won.

She was never done. She asked to know more of *los Americanos* in general, and my humble self in particular; so I gave her an insight into my past history; where I was born and educated; of the many friends I had known when fortune smiled upon me; and, lastly, of one who, though "fairest among ten thousand" and altogether lovely, had, when the loss of fortune came, proved the inconstancy of her sex, and made me what I was—very much of a woman-hater.

She grew very confidential, for a stranger, and told me her trials; how a neighbor of theirs, a wealthy young Spaniard, encouraged by her father, but whom she "perfectly hated," had been persecuting her with his addresses; that her father was anxious to see her married to their wealthy neighbor; but she "would rather die than marry him."

Another day had already commenced, and I knew that sleep and rest were essential to me, as we had proposed a long ride on the morrow; so, bidding her good-night, I was soon in bed, and dreaming of white teeth, black eyes, raven tresses, and a thousand other things.

The following morning, at breakfast, the young don informed us that they were to have a fandango the next evening; and as we had informed him that we were traveling for pleasure, he insisted that we should remain. As this would afford us an opportunity of learning something more of Mexican high life, and also to enjoy ourselves, we determined to accept the invitation.

The interesting occasion arrived, and with it came a large party of their friends and neighbors, who brought with them two American musicians from the pueblo below. There was something about one of the musicians which struck me very familiarly, but for the life of me I could not tell where, if ever, I had met him before. For a long time I sat watching him, but to no effect. At last there came a vision of my boyhood, and then I knew him in a moment, as one with whom I had often associated in days of "lang syne," named Spencer. His companion and himself were playing that incomparable graceful dance, the Spanish Waltz, when I went over to him, and laying my hand upon his shoulder, I pronounced his name. He stopped playing as suddenly as if he had broken every string of his violin, and as his companion followed suit, the dancers were brought to a standstill. Words can not express the astonishment that was depicted on his countenance when I called him by name. His memory did not serve him as well as mine had done, and I gave him plenty of time to think. Ten years had passed since he had left his home in the far-away State of Maine, and from smooth-faced urchins we had grown into bearded men, and it was no wonder that he did not recognize me. When he learned my name he seized my hand, and nearly made me cry out with pain, so fervent was his greeting. He laughed and cried by turns, so overjoyed was he, and commenced asking me a host of questions about his old home and old friends, without giving me an opportunity to answer any of them.

I saw that the party was getting tired of waiting, so promising to visit him next day, they proceeded with their dance. The Spanish waltz was always my favorite dance, and securing the hand of the fair Violette for a partner, I was soon in the enjoyment of the dance. With a lull in the music, the senorita pointed out to me the object of her dislike, and when I looked toward him, our eyes met for the first time, and such a look of malignant hatred I never saw upon the face of a human being. My hostess whispered, "Senor must be careful of him." During the promenade I managed to bring up in close proximity to him, and requested the senorita to introduce me, which she did. Our greeting was not very cordial, on his part at least, and I knew by the listless shake of his hand, and the evil look in his eye, that I had met an enemy. He spoke nothing but Spanish, and although I knew enough of that for all the uses of ordinary conversation, yet I saw that he did not care to improve the acquaintance.

About an hour afterward the musician came to me and said, "Harry, you must be on your guard, for that Spaniard is a spunky devil, and will kill you if he gets a chance." I did not want to be stabbed in the dark on this particular occasion; but I did not care worth a cent, so resolved to enjoy myself notwithstanding the black looks I received from the friends of the young Spanish gentleman. And I did.

Toward the close of the party, the senorita came to me, and although not seeming to stop, requested me to follow her, which I did. She led the way to a small boudoir,

and locking the door, she invited me to be seated; after which she came to me, and kneeling at my side, she laid her head upon my knee and burst into tears. Here was an interesting situation for a young man; however, I inquired the cause of her sudden grief, and learned that her father had that evening promised the young don that he should certainly receive her hand in marriage, and that very soon. She vowed that sooner than wed him, she would take his life herself, and falling in that, would take her own before she would submit to become his wife. She concluded by asking me to take her and fly from the presence of the hated neighbor. I had not then, as I have since, had the romance all knocked out of me, and I was nothing loath to consent; though I had no more idea of marrying her than I had of going to China; but, just for the fun of the thing, and to plague the Spanish gent, I agreed to her proposition.

While conversing as to the course we would pursue, I was startled by a pistol-shot, and at the same time felt a stinging on my chin. I caught a glimpse of a figure passing the window, and drawing my revolver, I went for it, and there it was, just in time to see it disappear around the corner of an outbuilding. I hunted around but could find no trace of the enemy, not even in the crowded parlor, which I entered by the front door. Had I found him there, I should certainly have shot him, though an instant death awaited me; for my Yankee spunk was up, and I did not stop to consider the consequences.

After the festivities were over, I accompanied my old schoolmate to his home, in the pueblo—my companions agreeing to delay the journey until I had seen the senorita out of her trouble. Little did any of us imagine the tragic end which was to come to this little adventure.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 129.)

The "HOME CIRCLE" is one of the best and cheapest illustrated story papers in the United States. Illustrated of good things every week. Only \$2 a year, besides a beautiful mug and a silver pen, a whole year to every subscriber. Splendid premiums for clubs, such as costly gold watches and silverware. Single copies, 5 cents, for sale everywhere. Sample copies sent free by addressing J. Gleason, No. 25 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

TO ADVERTISERS. A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

THE YELLOW HUNTER; OR, THE WINDING TRAIL OF DEATH.

(STAR NOVEL, No. 108.)

Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, TEN CENTS.

FRANK STARR & CO., Publishers, and 41 Platt Street, N. Y.

GUIDE to the selection of a sewing-machine. Read Sewing-Machine Leaflets, mailed free on application by Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., 65 Broadway, New York.

Stick to your text. Eat your Christmas dinner and then do what you might have done ten years ago—subscribe for the GREAT PAMPHLET, *BAKER'S*—receive an elegant PRIZE CHROMO free gratis, read the paper for 1874, and be happy. The STAR SPANGLED BANNER is— you can easily remember the rest, for we have been telling you in every paper for ten years past. It makes a specialty of "knowing up" the Teckles and Traps of America. Do you remember that gift enterprise, Dollar music-hall, "Rights," "Reclips," "Curious and curling come?" Has no avenger ever caught you? The STAR SPANGLED BANNER names and exposes every lunatic, quack and swindler. Speaks right out plain and is hated by every rascal as it is praised by all honest men. ONLY \$4 secures this large 8-page paper, size of Ledger, a whole year, and also one of the most superb chromos ever made by Prang, the best of all artists. All for \$1; no delay, chromo sent at once. No Maine or Michigan style. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Established 1863. Refer to *Wood's Magazine*, *Toronto Blade*, *N. Y. Tribune*, and 50,000 recent subscribers. Agents wanted; outfit, 25¢; 50¢; 75¢; 1.00; 1.50; 2.00; 2.50; 3.00; 3.50; 4.00; 4.50; 5.00; 5.50; 6.00; 6.50; 7.00; 7.50; 8.00; 8.50; 9.00

MY SYLVAN SYLPH

BY JOE JOY, JR.

I'll ne'er forget when first we met,
Full many a scented rose
Bloomed by the door in which she sat—
Industriously putting new heels in some old
woolen hose.

And I approached in a dream,
Unconsciously and slow,
And, bless her, she did hasten out—
And made that everlasting old bulldog let
go!

And oh, she had the sweetest voice
My fond ear ever knew!
My memory seems to hear it yet—
In "Why, lawskes alive, mister, how de
doo?"

I marvelled at her blushing hair
Which fell in many a coil—
And needed nothing in the world—
Except two or three handfuls of scented
bear's oil.

You'd take her for no city belle
Made up of pride and lace,
She moved a queen about the house—
And stepped on the little blind kittens with
native grace.

I thought she was a fairy sprite
That walked upon the air,
Or trod like Venus on the wave—
And when I saw the size of her shoes I
thought my guess was rather fair.

She wore a gentle winning smile,
Which trouble could not break,
Her eyes were full of tenderness—
And her mouth, which was none too small,
was generally pretty full of cake.

Her heart, so good, was ever warm
With love for all her kind,
I knew it when she softly said—
"Attabindis, go chase those piggies out and
don't you hurt them, mind!"

She stole my heart when first we met,
But I adore her still,
And none can calculate her worth—
Her everlasting old father hasn't taken a
notion yet to get sick and make his
will.

A Woman's Scheme.

A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

ONE cool night in October, during the
present lustrum, "Daring Val," one of the
boldest, and consequently most noted
cracksmen of New York, leaned over the
counter of a low underground "thieves' re-
treat," scanning the "Personals" of a promi-
nent city journal.

This man had committed more burglaries
than any two thieves then in the city, and the
papers, uttering the sentiments of the law-
abiding citizens, clamored loudly for his
apprehension. But he adroitly eluded the
police, and continued to pursue his re-
famous calling in their very faces.

It was rumored, and rightly, too, as our
story will show, that "Daring Val," as the
burglar was called by everybody, had been
employed by wealthy persons to carry out
their petty revenge, and was still in the em-
ploy of scheming men and women.

The cracksmen's eyes ran down the
"Personal column," upon the October night
above written, until they suddenly rested
upon the following advertisement, which
struck him very forcibly:

"PERSONAL. Will the gentleman, with the
gold anchor, who sat opposite the lady in green
silk, in the — avenue cars, yesterday, please
call at No. — Fourth avenue, between the
hours of seven and nine to-night?"

The burglar read the advertisement
twice before he uttered a word.

"Why, that must mean me," he said,
slightly above a whisper. "I was dressed
in my best, yesterday, and sported a gold
anchor, and rode in the — avenue cars,
opposite the lady in green silk. How she eyed
me then! Her garments told me she was in
good circumstances, although they bore
marks of long wear. Yes," after a long
pause, "I'll go and see what she wants of
Val Rettick. It's about six now."

The adroit scoundrel folded the paper
and walked leisurely from the den.

Twenty minutes later he reappeared, at-
tired in a suit of broadcloth, fashionably
cut. His mass of raven hair betrayed the
presence of an oleaginous compound, and a
heavy gold chain from which dangled the
anchor which had attracted the attention of
"the lady in green," contrasted glitteringly
with his white vest.

He stepped to the bar, and after empty-
ing a wine-glass with a single gulp, he
strode from the apartment, imitating a dan-
dy's gait, to the amusement of several crim-
inal companions.

Once upon the street, he entered a car,
and presently stood beneath the particular
number on Fourth avenue designated by
the "personal."

He rung the bell with the air of a refined
gentleman, which he could admirably coun-
terfeit, and was ushered into the richest ap-
pointed parlor he had ever entered.

After bestowing a look upon several su-
perb pictures that adorned the walls, the
dandy burglar threw himself upon a rich
sofa, and toyed with his chain, until the
rustle of silk saluted his ears.

A moment later the door opened, and a
beautiful woman, attired in green silk,
heavily founced, swept into the apartment.
The recognition was mutual.

The lady glanced at Rettick's "gold an-
chor," and smilingly complimented him for
answering her "personal" so promptly.

"I know you, sir," she said, after a brief
exchange of words. "You are Daring Val
Rettick, the burglar, and, sir, I advertised
to tell you that I have work for you—work
that, if well performed, will fill your pockets
with greenbacks."

"I am ever ready to work for those who
pay without stint," answered Val. "And
I would be pleased to know what I have to
do in this case. The greater the risk, the
better the reward."

The woman in green smiled, and drew
nearer the thief.

"My uncle," she said, in a low tone, "lies
upon the point of death. He is rich—will
leave a cool hundred thousand behind him.
Years ago, when I was a little girl and an
orphan, he took me to his home, and pro-
claimed me his heiress to his wealth. I
dwelt in peace with him until two years
ago, when, in a fit of anger, of which I un-
avoidably was the remote cause, he drove
me from his roof, and took a beggar to his
hearth, whom he now calls his heiress."

"I am satisfied," she continued, "that
the will he once drew up bequeathing his
all to me, for he is childless, is destroyed,
and that a new one lies beyond the insecure
doors of his old cabinet. I want that will.
With it in my power, I can make Violet
Fortney a beggar indeed, and become mis-
tress of the situation again. What sum do
you demand for the work?"

"Describe the risk."

The lady did so.

"I will disguise myself in plain garments,
and await you on the pavement, near the
alley," she continued.

"Well," said Rettick, "I accept your aid,
and, in consideration of the neat sum of
five thousand dollars, shall complete the
work to your satisfaction."

The woman agreed to pay the sum de-
manded, and the following night was select-
ed for the dark work.

Val Rettick took his leave.
Julia Coleman felt her uncle's will within
her grasp.

She paced the room with a triumphant
and self-satisfied air, picturing to herself
Violet Fortney's reverse of fortune.

It was her fault that she did not fill Vi-
olet's place, at that hour, beside the bed of
her dying uncle.

William Coleman loved his niece until
her pride and stubbornness compelled him to
drive her from his presence.

The ambitious girl became fascinated by
a sudden arrival—a handsome fellow, with
foreign airs, who called himself Count La
Boyteaux. In vain the old man tried to
persuade Julia that the dandy was a heart-
less adventurer. She hung upon his foot-
steps, and one night, having yielded to the
villain's blandishments—having made her-
self his slave—she attempted to rob her
relative; but was detected by the old man.

Then, finding his niece beyond reforma-
tion, Willard Coleman, with tears in his
eyes for his brother's memory, drove her
from his house, and resolved to try and for-
get her.

Several nights later a poor sewing-ma-
chine girl saved him from several villains
who were dogging his steps, and, to reward
her, he took her to his luxurious home, and
thus Violet Fortney became the old man's
heiress.

As the reader has seen, Julia told Daring
Val quite a different story from the forego-
ing.

Soon La Boyteaux deserted his deluded
victim, and she entered the house of a
wealthy merchant as a governess, resolving to
bide her time for revenge.

The city clocks were proclaiming the
hour of eleven upon the night following the
interview between the fair employer and

her tool, when two persons came together
on the corner of Third avenue and Fourth
street.

They met as if by accident; but their sub-
sequent actions proclaimed the meeting one
of design.

The woman, for one of the twain was a
representative of the tender sex, was plain-
ly clad, and the man wore a tightly-buttoned
coat with great collar, and a slouched
hat.

After a short conversation they moved off
together, and presently the man entered a
dark alley, at the mouth of which the woman
stationed herself as a kind of sentry.

The man moved off in the gloom. At
length he ascended to a low roof, and en-
tered a back window. Then he drew a
dark lantern from his bosom, and opened
an old cabinet that stood in the room he
had burglariously entered. In a drawer he
found a manuscript, which he glanced over,
and transferred to an inner pocket.

A minute later he left the apartment as
noiselessly as he had entered.

Sliding from the roof, he hurried toward
the street where the woman waited; but,
just as he emerged from the alley an intoxi-
cated Hibernian, in his efforts to escape a
policeman, stumbled and struck him in the
breast with his head, with such force as to
hurt both to the stones!

The woman screamed at the catastrophe,
and before Daring Val, the will-stealer, could
recover, two policemen stood over him.

"Release that Celt," said one, "for he has
placed a rich prize in our power."

The speaker had recognized "Daring
Val."

Julia Coleman heard the words, and turned
to fly.

"No, my covey!" said a gruff voice, and
she felt her arm in the vice-like grip of a
blue-coated M. P.

A woman's scheme had signally failed.

At the station-house the stolen will was
taken from Val Rettick, and returned to a
securer place than the old cabinet.

Willard Coleman died without hearing
of Julia's sentence of servitude in the State
prison; but they told him of Daring Val's
execution for a crime committed years be-
fore.

After diligent inquiry Violet found the
Irishman who had baffled the schemer, and
handsomely rewarded him. He is now a
reformed man.

Violet married shortly after the above oc-
currence.

A was one day asked his friend,
"How many knaves do you suppose are in
this street besides yourself?" "Besides
myself?" replied the other, in a passion;
"do you mean to insult me?" "Well,
then," replied the first, "how many do you
reckon, including yourself?"

Recollections of the West.

"Foxing" for Burglars.

BY CAPT. "BRUIN" ADAMS.

ONLY those who were in San Francisco
in the early days, actually on the ground
and observers of what took place, can have
any true conception of the extent to which
lawlessness and crime were carried.

Vigilance committees were promptly or-
ganized, but in very many cases their efforts
were paralyzed by some traitor in their
midst giving early information to suspected
parties, or warning those already known as
guilty in time for them to escape the doom
that awaited them.

Such was the condition of affairs in that
city when the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank
was first opened. The strong stone
building stood near the center of a row of
substantial business houses on the principal
thoroughfare, and with its barred and
heavily-shuttered windows, and massive
double-door, it was considered impregnable,
no matter how determined or skillful might
be the efforts of those seeking to enter in
any other than the proper way. Besides
these safeguards the usual night watch-
man was always locked in, and then noth-
ing more could be done—at least, so it was
thought.

For several months the affairs of the
bank progressed smoothly. The officers
and *attaches*, among whom was myself, as
assistant book-keeper, fell into the usual
grooves of banking work, and up to the
time of which I am about to speak, nothing
had occurred to break its monotony.

The chief officers were congratulating
themselves upon the efficacy of their ar-
rangements, by which all depredators were
set at defiance, when suddenly the shock
came, dissipating these fond expectations
to the four winds.

Early one morning, while leisurely sip-
ping his coffee, the president, who was
generally at the bank first of all, was
aroused by the sharp clatter of horse's
hoofs upon the graveled walk outside, and

manner. So great was the secrecy, and it
was of course proper, that none save the
president, cashier, and head book-keeper,
knew of this new arrangement that was to
set the burglars at defiance.

Well, the work was completed, and busi-
ness proceeded as usual.

A single watchman again had charge, but
it was known in the building that a small
closet, with a heavy door, through which
there was a port-hole, had been fitted up
for his accommodation, and it came to be a
standing joke that the watchman was to re-
treat into his fortification in case of alarm,
and open upon the enemy through the slit
in the door. We didn't know then how
near the truth we were.

Matters progressed smoothly through the
winter; no signs of burglars, or even of
their attempts to enter the bank.

Confidence in the "new arrangement" was
beginning to be felt. The thieves had
heard rumors, probably, of some wonder-
ful, mysterious agent that would defeat
them if they made a raid, or perhaps in-
volve all in a common destruction, and so
stayed away.

The inventor (it was the head book-keeper)
of the burglar-proof was in high glee over
the success of his idea, and in fact a feeling
of security was again prevailing when the
alarm was again sounded, and all was up-
roar and confusion.

The door of the bank had been found
open in the morning, and the watchman
was gone, none knew whither.

Every thing in the bank appeared in or-
der. The safes were intact, the furniture
and books undisturbed—in a word, every
thing was as usual, save that the door had
been found open and the watchman gone.

Again a crowd assembled about the
building; a messenger was dispatched for
the president, cashier and book-keeper.

The president came first, and a brief in-
spection of the premises seemed to satisfy
his mind that nothing had been touched.

The book-keeper came next, and after
glancing around, and peering cautiously be-
hind a small green curtain that hung against
the wall on the right of the large safe or
vault, he turned, nodded to the president
and left the room.



A WOMAN'S SCHEME.

the next instant a messenger entered in
breathless haste and announced the start-
ling news of the bank's having been broken
into, the watchman murdered, and the
heavy safe blown open and robbed of its
contents.

The news had spread like wildfire, and
in a surprisingly short time not only the
employees but the major portion of the city
were collected about the building.

None were permitted to enter until the
president arrived, and then all attached to
the institution were allowed to follow him
in.

I need not describe the scene. It was
such a one as is generally the result of an
experienced band of burglars "ramaging."

In this case murder had accompanied the
robbery, and the heavy safe had been blown
open, leaving behind ghastly evidence in
the lifeless form of the ill-fated watchman.

The man had died bravely, and from vari-
ous signs he must have left his mark deeply
on some of the villains.

There was blood everywhere—more,
much more than could possibly have eman-
ated from one individual, besides which,
the hideous stains were scattered through-
out the large apartment, and were found
leading out into the street and some dis-
tance away.

It was plainly evident that one, if not
more, of the robbers had been badly
wounded, and in that fact lay the only
visible chance of their detection, as noth-
ing, not so much as a button even, had
been left behind.

The loss was heavy, unusually so, and
for awhile the bank staggered under the
blow; but, struggling manfully, it gradu-
ally rose from under the pressure and regain-
ed its former position and strength.

But the officers had been taught a lesson.
Bolts and bars evidently were of no avail
against the desperadoes, and inside watch-
men were ruthlessly made way with. Some
other and more efficacious plan must be
adopted. Very many were suggested, dis-
cussed, and abandoned as not sufficient to
meet the requirements.

It was before the days of "burglar-
alarms," and such contrivances; neverthe-
less, the idea that since has been carried
out to such a degree of effectiveness was
even then agitating the brain of one of the
bank officials.

When every thing else had failed, and
they were about falling back on the old
plan of the night-watchman, meaning to in-
crease the force to half a dozen, he came
forward and proposed his idea.

It was discussed, and finally adopted, but
in conjunction with the old plan, as they
did not feel sufficient confidence until it
had been tried.

The next day the bank was closed for re-
pairs, and workmen with tools were seen
going in and out in the most mysterious

manner. So great was the secrecy, and it
was of course proper, that none save the
president, cashier, and head book-keeper,
knew of this new arrangement that was to
set the burglars at defiance.

Well, the work was completed, and busi-
ness proceeded as usual.

A single watchman again had charge, but
it was known in the building that a small
closet, with a heavy door, through which
there was a port-hole, had been fitted up
for his accommodation, and it came to be a
standing joke that the watchman was to re-
treat into his fortification in case of alarm,
and open upon the enemy through the slit
in the door. We didn't know then how
near the truth we were.

Matters progressed smoothly through the
winter; no signs of burglars, or even of
their attempts to enter the bank.

Confidence in the "new arrangement" was
beginning to be felt. The thieves had
heard rumors, probably, of some wonder-
ful, mysterious agent that would defeat
them if they made a raid, or perhaps in-
volve all in a common destruction, and so
stayed away.

The inventor (it was the head book-keeper)
of the burglar-proof was in high glee over
the success of his idea, and in fact a feeling
of security was again prevailing when the
alarm was again sounded, and all was up-
roar and confusion.

The door of the bank had been found
open in the morning, and the watchman
was gone, none knew whither.

Every thing in the bank appeared in or-
der. The safes were intact, the furniture
and books undisturbed—in a word, every
thing was as usual, save that the door had
been found open and the watchman gone.

Again a crowd assembled about the
building; a messenger was dispatched for
the president, cashier and book-keeper.

The president came first, and a brief in-
spection of the premises seemed to satisfy
his mind that nothing had been touched.

The book-keeper came next, and after
glancing around, and peering cautiously be-
hind a small green curtain that hung against
the wall on the right of the large safe or
vault, he turned, nodded to the president
and left the room.

HOW THEIR MEWSSES FIT.

BY I-O-TA.

Of'ar up in a furlorn-lookin' attic
With hes heels sum higher'n hes nose,
Sot one uv eour modurn scribbles,
Youn c'u'd tell by hes shabby clothes,
With hes good 'quill' twist his fingers,
Hes bristlin' ha'r onkemp,
A-tryin' tu' trap the mew-sses
As' fore hes veshum they went.

Thar wur in av' thar variatins nigh
An' both on 'em wanted in
Thalyer, he trisp in sunshine,
Eratler, in shades grim,
He felt kinder sorres-cum-suffles;
Hes in'ards reyster lank;
Fur hes rashuns wur e'namos' nowhar,
An' hes shiners, nary one, in eour bank.

He looked wilder'n a boss fur a minit,
Then away went ther all-fired botter—
"Ther bright, yaller mune is shinin' down
"Like a cheese!" screamed sot ther t'other.
"Why lift yer head from thos' bussum,
Thou queen uv my heart's penetratlyer?
Sugar is nowhar—why leave me thusey—
"Far in mewe!" yelled that pesky Thalyer.

"Star uv my life, my heart is 'hull,
"Twil hold your image ever,
Say, wunt you name ther happy day?
Shall it be—" Snow or never!"
"My cabin needs one piker yet,
My life is dre'dnil lank;
I hanker arter your preshus self—"
"Along with your 'ol' dad's money!"

Eour Post scratched hes pate in style,
Youn'd thort sum critters wur in it;
Then slung hes quill with a despret word,
An' looked askew of wif ther t'other.
He felt that one built sheet wur ap'ied,
He c'u'dn't tell t'other from which,
So he hung hes manerss up tu' dry
With a reg'lor cuss on sich.

Beat Time's Notes.

It was an ill wind yesterday that blew
nobody good, but blew everybody bad. It
blew a hurricane, and the hurricane blew
all the buttons off my coat, loosened my
eyebrows, and blew all the blacking from
my boots. It blew a cellar clear over into
another man's yard; the man, opening his
mouth to remonstrate, was blown complet-
ly up. It blew "Yankee Doodle" on a
gridiron. It blew Thursday clear back into
Wednesday, and completely put a stop to
the telegraph business by blowing all the
dispatches back to the office they came
from. It blew people's teeth down their
throats, and their words were blown clear
out of their mouths and carried far out
west. It blew up several steam-boilers. It
blew the Hudson river out of its bed and
onto the floor. It blew down the prices of
things, and blew over the hills. It blew so
hard the sun's rays couldn't touch the
earth, and it warped several of our straight-
est streets. It blew the keels off of several
vessels, and blew all the steamboat whis-
tles. Take it altogether, there was quite a
stir in the atmosphere yesterday.

Brown is getting old. He can no longer
see without the aid of crutches, nor walk
without having on his spectacles. The
teeth, one by one, have fallen out of his
ears, and he can eat no longer without the
aid of his ear-trumpet. He said, the other
day, he guessed he would have to get a
new set of false teeth for his head and a
wig for his mouth. His feet tremble as
they convey food to his mouth, and his
hands are feeble to walk upon, and I fear
that he will die of old age, if he dies soon
enough.

ONCE, in my active days, I got under the
eaves of a barn to keep out of the rain, and
the lightning struck the barn and made for
me. I started around the barn, and the
lightning after me; for the first twenty
minutes it was hard to tell whether the
lightning was after me or I was after it; in
the next ten minutes I had gained on it till
it was only ten feet ahead of me. Upon
seeing this the lightning gave up in disgust
and ran into the ground. I used to be
more active than I am now.

Did you ever see a thorn tree? Did you
ever try to climb one? And, further, did
you ever find out what they were originally
intended for? If they bore apples or pears,
they would be of some benefit; but they
bear no kind of fruit that is worth stealing,
and such birds as build nests in them are
not the kind that intelligent little boys are
fond of. Barefooted boys step very lightly
under them and never deign to look up at
the tree. When I start an orchard, I shall
graft my fruit on thorn trees and have the
fun of picking it myself.

A MAN was lately found out West all
chopped to pieces and buried. The jury
searched his pockets and found a verdict
that defendant had committed suicide in
the first degree, and recommended him to
the mercy of the court.

THE telescope shows us 700,000,000
worlds, so I'd like to know what's the use
trying to make a stir in one! I'm com-
pletely discouraged, and propose to quit.

WHETHER I get credit for it or not, I
prevented a good-sized fight yesterday;
that is to say—I prevented it by running
away.

MANY a man's tongue has slipped and
broken his neck.

SPLINTER is so awful nice that when his shad-
ow fell in a mud-puddle, he fished it out
and sent it to the washwoman to have it
washed and ironed again.

WHEN I see a young man in the first
stages of early senility, dyed to the last
extremity, I—don't know what to think.

WE have ex-congressmen and ex-Govern-
ors and X bills—the latter are the best;
that is the cross that most people follow
with the greatest faith.

BASE-BALLS—CARNI-BALS.

I KNOW a man so awfully mean that Satan
will not be pleased when he dies, for it
will take all of his available force to shovel
brimstone.

Not every one who leers can write a
lyric.

A SONNET is a small son.

THE best way to play a flute is to roll a
piece of music up and place it inside and
then blow it out.

WHY is it that most of our aliens are so
eager for ale?

JONES says he would get drunk every day,
but it costs so much to pay his fare there.